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A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AT CHARLOTTEVILLE

OF

THOMAS WILLIAM LAMONT
AND OF HIS FAMILY

Together with a Record of his Ancestors, of their
Origin in Scotland, and of their first
Coming to America about 1750

BY HIS SON
THOMAS LAMONT



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FOREWORD

More than ten years ago my children asked me to write something about our branch of the Lamont family in America. They knew that I had already given some attention to the subject. At the Reunion of the members of my father's family, held in 1876 at the home of my brother, George, at Bound Brook, New Jersey, I read a brief sketch on the subject, which was afterwards printed for the members of the family. My children have always told me that I had a memory perhaps more than ordinarily retentive, and they have been anxious, before it was too late, to have me set down some of the remembrances of my childhood and of my talks with my aged kinsmen who were still living then. For instance, I well remember standing at his knee and listening to the tales of my great grandfather, William Lamont, who fought in the War of the Revolution and whose own father, Robert, was the founder, about 1750, of our branch of the Lamont family in America.

It is curious to contemplate how many generations and what a long span of years such a connection covers. Here I am, revising these lines, with my little granddaughter, Eleanor Lamont, playing near me. She was born in 1910 and as I look down at her I can readily hark back to the time when I was gazing up at my great grandfather, born in 1756. If by chance little Eleanor should live to his ripe old age, ninety-six, then two and a half centuries will have elapsed between his birth and her death — two hundred and fifty years with all their

wonderful changes! But such contemplations as these are not especially profound, and invariably arise when one is engaged in recollections of this kind.

The following pages are intended for the reading only of my near kindred. Many of the pages are filled with the unimportant doings of the members of my father's family during my childhood and youth. Of course to the present generation such a life as that led by my twelve brothers and sisters and myself, set down in a farming community many miles from the nearest town of any considerable size, must seem very tame in comparison with the eager, restless and complex life in and around New York in the present day. Yet, if the pursuit of happiness be considered not altogether ignoble, the life of our boyhood and youth was certainly a success. We lived in a beautiful country of high hills, lovely valleys, heavy forests and rushing brooks. The Summer heat was dry and seldom oppressive; the Autumns shone upon us in a blaze of color from the high hills; Winter, with its deep snows and bracing air, furnished far more of delight than terror. And our Scotch ancestors had evidently handed down to the most of us a tradition of thrift, hard work and good nature that, together, served to make my father's hospitable home a sweet and memorable abiding place for us all.

But, as I started to say, the most of what I have set down must seem trivial even to my own people. The accounts of my own school and college days will seem dull enough to my grandchildren, in the midst of their own more active times. But I know that they will be charitable and overlook the many imperfections of what is at best a hasty sketch, written at odd moments, with little recorded material available and with no attempt on my part — even had it been possible — to cast these pages in literary form.

I wish that I had been able, in the limits of this small

volume, to include some extended account of the fine and useful lives led by my five brothers and six sisters after their departure from the family home at Charlotteville. But I have thought it best to stop with the date of my own marriage in 1863.

In general I have divided the sketch into three sections. The first having to do with the description of our forebears; the second with the life of my father, Thomas W. Lamont; and the third wherein I have dwelt, at somewhat inordinate length upon my own youth and early activities.

I wish to say that the brief facts quoted in regard to the early Scottish history of the Clan Lamont, from which we are sprung, were collated by my son Hammond, when he was a senior at Harvard, from data which he secured in the Harvard College Library. I hope that some member of the family will seek an opportunity to search the clan records in Scotland so as to satisfy himself as to the date when our branch of the family went over to the north of Ireland, before coming on to America about 1750. A search of the vital statistics records in Coleraine, County Antrim, Ireland, might also prove of interest.

I am indebted to my son, Thomas, for the care which he has shown in going through my manuscript, editing it and making it legible enough for the typesetters to follow. He too is responsible for the sub-heads which serve somewhat to break the monotony of the text.

At the end of this little volume I have appended a very short outline of the ancestry of my wife, Caroline Deuel Jayne, covering which I have had access to the records on her father's side for almost three centuries back. I am very sorry that, before he died, her father, who wrote easily and entertainingly, did not attempt to set down, as I have tried to do, some of his boyhood

recollections and the stories which must have been told to him of some of his forebears.

I also append a page or two for easy reference, showing in outline the lines of descent of both my wife and myself.

THOMAS LAMONT.

Englewood, N. J., 1913.

SECTION I

THE original home of all the Lamonts that I know anything about was in Argyleshire, Scotland, and the Scottish annals contain frequent allusions to the clan of Lamonts or Lamonds, the name being spelled in both ways. All the annalists of Scotch history are agreed that the name Lamont or Lamond is derived from the Norse "lagamadr," a lawman. But despite this Norse derivation the origin of the clan is said to be Dalriadic, and its founders came over (to Scotland) from Ireland, probably as early as A.D. 500. The following summary is taken from one of the numerous books written about the Scotch clans:

"The first of the clan (Lamont) of whom there is absolute historical evidence is Ferchar, who flourished about 1200. His grandson, Laumun, was the first to use the name which has since become hereditary; accordingly the latter is counted as the first chief of the clan.

"About 1238, Duncan, son of Ferchar, and this Laumun, son of Malcolm, son of Ferchar, granted to the monks of Paisley certain lands at Kilmun, at Kilfinan, and at Kilmory, on Lochgilp. Their possessions at that time are thus proved to have been of wide extent.

"The greatest blow to the Lamonts was dealt in 1646. The civil wars of that period gave a great opportunity for private feuds; and Ardkinglas, Dunstaffnage, and other Campbell leaders, acting doubtless under their chief's orders, ravaged the Lamont country, and besieged and took the castles of Toward and Ascog. They then carried their prisoners in boats to Dunoon, and massacred them to the number of about two hundred on the Gallow-

hill. Thirty-six gentlemen of the name of Lamont were hanged on a single ash tree. Sir James, the Lamont chief, was hunted for his life, and the Campbells took possession of his lands till the Restoration. These deeds formed one of the principal counts against the Marquis of Argyll at the trial for high treason in 1661, which resulted in his execution."

Another historian says: "It is an old and accredited tradition in the Highlands, that the Lamonds (Lamonts) were the most ancient proprietors of Cowall, and that the Stewarts, Maclachans and Campbells obtained possession of their property in that district by marriage with daughters of the family."

Following are the clan Lamont mottoes, music, etc.:

Clan Pipe Music:—Lament—"Cumha an Fhograich" ("The Wanderer's Lament"). Salute—"Mhic Laomainn ceud failte dhuit" ("A Thousand Welcomes to thee, Lamont"). March—"Captain Lamont's March." Badge:—Craobh-ubhal fhiadhain (Crab-apple Tree) or Machallmonaidh (Dryas). The coat of arms is thus: *Azure, a Lion rampant argent*; Crest, *A dexter hand couped at the wrist*; and for Motto, *Ne parcas nec spernas*. The supporters are *two wild men*.

In the further accounts of the clan and of the achievements of its leaders, the names most frequently appearing are John and Archibald. These two names must have been very numerous throughout the clan; and it is interesting to note that the three Lamont brothers who brought the family name to America, in about the year 1750, were named respectively, John, Archibald and Robert, this last being my great-great-grandfather.

The name Robert also appears not infrequently. One account says that "In 1463, Robert Lamont of Inveryne died, and his lands fell to the Crown by reason of non-entry and for ninety years were held of the Crown by his successors." Another Robert Lamont, the records

show, was "on October 24th, 1688, gazetted Ensign in Col. Douglas's Regiment of Foot. He got his company next year, and in 1693 was present at the disastrous day of Landen, when the Allies under King William III. were defeated by the French under the Duke of Luxemburg."

Our ancestors came not direct from Scotland but, about the year 1745 or 1750, from Coleraine, County Antrim, Ireland. How long they had been settled in Ireland we do not know, but certainly long enough for the family to come under the general designation of Scotch-Irish.

About the time above mentioned, a widowed mother — tradition says she was the relict of one, John Lamont — with her three sons, Archibald, John and Robert, settled in North Hillsdale, Columbia County, N. Y. The story is that Archibald, the eldest son, preceded the others in coming to America; that while but a boy he was enticed on board a vessel lying off Coleraine, and while, with boyish curiosity, he was inspecting the vessel she suddenly sailed away. When he begged to be set ashore to return to his mother, the heartless reply was: "It will be many a long day, my lad, before you will see your mother or home again."

The Coming of the Lamonts about 1750.

So Archibald was brought to this country and sold to someone on Long Island to serve as an apprentice, and to furnish a profit to those who had kidnapped him, a not uncommon occurrence in those times. This boy was the magnet which drew the mother and the two other brothers hither. Other families from the North of Ireland settled about the same time in North Hillsdale, the McKinstrys among them. North Hillsdale was a new country and land was cheap.

We have no information as to John and his descendants, and are ignorant as to whether he finally settled

elsewhere or succumbed early to the rigors of the New World.

As to Archibald, he did not marry until he was almost sixty years old. When rallied on his remaining single he was wont to answer: "I am waiting for my wife to grow up; I have my eye on her." This seems to have been the fact, for the story has come down quite directly that Archibald was, in middle life, boarding as a bachelor with a couple named Smith who had a little girl called Abiah. Mrs. Smith, who looked upon Archibald Lamont with a kindly eye, used to say to him: "Archie, take good care of little 'Biah and you can have her when she grows up." So, as soon as she had "grown up" to be eighteen years of age, she married the fast-aging Archie. Archibald was a powerful man physically. His prowess was known throughout the country-side. One holiday he ran into a stranger who was a bit tipsy, but who evidently was a wrestler and a fighter. The ignorant stranger offered to have a bout with Archibald and boastfully said: "I can lick any man in the county, but Archie Lamont!"

Archibald had several children, lived and died in Hillsdale. His descendants removed to the western part of New York State early in the last century and settled in the region about Lockport and Rochester. A grandson was graduated from Yale, became a lawyer, a member of the New York State Senate and a judge of the Supreme Court. One of Archibald's sons removed to Michigan, and a township in that State is named Lamont, after him.

Still another son, named Archibald, is buried in North Hillsdale by the side of his father. Old Archibald had a daughter who married a Mr. Wiltse. His son, Benjamin Wiltse, an old man in 1876, was one of the leading parishioners in the church in Catskill of which the writer of this sketch then assumed the pas-

torate. This Benjamin Wiltse used to talk a good deal about his Lamont ancestry and appeared well satisfied with his origin. From some source at any rate he inherited strength of mind and much of body. Curiously enough he had a full set of "double" teeth completely around both upper and lower jaws, and used to boast of his ability to bite a nail in two with his "front" teeth. All of this by way of parenthesis.

Our Ancestor Robert born in 1726.

Coming, as I have said, with his mother to this country, in about 1750, to join his brother Archibald, Robert, our ancestor, was born in Antrim, Ireland, in 1726, and had three sons and a daughter. I do not know the order of their birth, but their names were John, Archibald, William (my great-grandfather) and Mary. I have heard my grandfather speak of his grandfather Robert, whom he remembered well, though he was but a little boy. He said: "Grandfather was a short, thick-set man, full of jokes and fun." It seems that Robert carried on a kind of weaving establishment. My grandfather said of his grandmother, the wife of Robert: "She was a real Irish woman," and added that she had a brother from the North of Ireland who visited this country when he was a very little boy.

Robert Lamont died July 26, 1789, only 63 years old, and lies buried in the little graveyard in North Hillsdale, which the writer, as related further on, visited one summer's day in 1878. Robert's grave is marked by an old brown tombstone, with his name and age inscribed upon it. His wife survived him for some years, and came with her daughter, Mary, who had married a Mr. Gorse, to Fulton, Schoharie County, N. Y., where she spent her last days. Her grave is unmarked, but the Rev. Charles Gorse, one of her great-grandsons, whom I knew well, told me that the grave was on the

farm of some relatives, and when he was a little boy it was pointed out to him as "the grave of his great-grandmother Lamont."

Of the sons of Robert, John was much given to boyish pranks and rude, practical jokes. His mother had an outdoor oven in which she used to do her baking. One day when she had filled the oven with bread, cakes and pies, John managed to slip in a live mud-turtle. Of the mischief wrought by this addition to the batch we are not informed, but may imagine. Another time, on a cold winter day, standing near a large spring, John called to his brother William (my great-grandfather, you remember): "Will, come and look at the largest trout you ever saw." As Will stooped to look into the spring, John gave him a push that sent him headlong into the water, giving him the benefit of a good cold bath. I mention such trivial incidents, not as showing any important traits in our grandsires, but simply as a matter of interest because they were related to me, a very little lad, by my great-grandfather, a very old man, and by other kindred of mine.

All three sons Revolutionary Soldiers.

Robert's three sons were all old enough to be soldiers in the war of the Revolution, and they all served in the patriot army. Of Archibald's war record I have been able to find nothing. John served in the company of his Hillsdale neighbor, McKinstry, who had been a soldier in the old French-Indian war, and who was a commissioned officer. They were both captured by Brant, the Mohawk half-breed chieftain. McKinstry was a free mason, as was Brant, who had been educated in an academy in Connecticut. McKinstry gave the masonic sign to Brant, and was soon released or exchanged, but Lamont was carried away a prisoner to the Indian country. His captors planned to put him to death by

torture, but among the spoils captured by them was a fiddle which John Lamont snatched up and on which he played so well as to charm the savages from their purpose of killing him. But they compelled him to run the Indian gauntlet, which he did successfully. John was then adopted into one of the Indian tribes and was assigned an Indian squaw for a wife. But watching his chance he made his escape, and in due time returned to his own people.

I have heard my father speak of this John Lamont, his great-uncle, as a rather eccentric character. His hard experiences were perhaps enough to make anyone eccentric. Nevertheless, he secured a wife and had one son, who bore his own name, John, and who went west and became a captain in the United States Army during the War of 1812 with England. This Captain John Lamont was treacherously shot while bearing a flag of truce to a British post. When the old father heard of his son's murder in this cowardly manner, he was so frenzied that he seized his musket and declared his purpose of going to the front to try to avenge the death of his son. I have no record of old John Lamont's death or burial.

Of Robert's son Archibald, the brother of both brave old John and of William (my great-grandfather), I know scarcely anything. I think, however, this Archibald also came into Schoharie County. I remember one of his daughters by the name of Orange, so-called, I have no doubt, by her staunch Protestant parents in honor of the Prince of Orange, the victor of the battle of the Boyne. This Orange Lamont married a Garrit Van Tuyl, who lived in the town of Summit. She was a cousin of my grandfather and occasionally visited us. She was an excellent and devout woman. It is said that when Van Tuyl was "paying attention" to Miss Orange he was often rallied by his neighbors, who said: "You

are going to marry an Orange Lemon;" the name Lamont at that time being generally pronounced Lamon or Lemon, the name being divided into these two syllables, Lam-ont, with the accent on the first syllable, just as it is today in Scotland.

Mary Lamont, old Robert's only daughter, married John Gorse, as I have already stated, and settled in Fulton. She had three or four sons who lived in the same town. Among them was Robert, the father of the Rev. Charles Gorse and of the Rev. William Gorse, Methodist clergymen in the New York Conference. Another son was the father of the Rev. John E. Gorse of the same Conference, and a contemporary of the writer's. Another son, Ephraim, was a successful lawyer in western New York, and a member of the State Senate. I do not know where this sister, Mary (Gorse), of my great-grandfather's died, but probably somewhere in western New York, whither her husband moved.

The old graveyard at North Hillsdale.

Twice I have visited the old burying-ground in North Hillsdale, where some of the Lamonts of the first generation in this country are buried. The graveyard is close to the Methodist church in North Hillsdale. I recall seeing on the stones the names of Archibald (the lad, you remember, who was kidnapped from Ireland, and who was the first of the name to reach America), and of another Archibald Lamont, his son; of Robert Lamont (the first Archibald's brother), our ancestor; of Phœbe Lamont, our great-grandmother and the wife of William, Robert's son. I think the latest death-date on these stones is 1796.

Close by the graves of the two old brothers, Archibald and Robert Lamont, is apparently another grave, somewhat sunken in, unmarked. I have always fancied that

it must be the grave of their mother, who came with her two sons from Coleraine, Ireland, seeking Archibald.

I first visited this burying-ground in this wise: I had been told by a great-aunt, Mrs. Betsey Dibble, of Fulton, a sister of my Grand-father Lamont, that she had, when a little girl, visited her grand-father's grave, that it had a tombstone and that his face was cut on it. Of course she was mistaken—it was a little girl's fancy. The custom of course was frequently to cut a cherub on the tombstone to denote the blessed society in which the departed was presumably mixing. Aunt Betsey tried to make me understand where the graveyard was—"near four corners." But I got no definite idea beyond the fact that it was somewhere in Hillsdale. In November, 1871, when I was pastor in Claverack, Columbia County (where my son, Thomas William, was born) I was called to officiate at the funeral of a woman in Philmont, five miles away. After the sermon I was informed that I was expected to go with the family to the burial at North Hillsdale, ten miles away. This was more than I had bargained for. However, I made no objection, as the family was poor and in great trouble. After the burial a man asked me my name. Then he asked me whether I had any kindred buried in that graveyard. I told him I was not aware of any. He said that there were some Lamonts buried there, and he conducted me to the graves. I was glad to find the old brown stones with the names cut on them, and the rude carving of Aunt Betsey's cherub on her grandfather, Robert Lamont's stone.

I copied the inscriptions from some of the stones. That of our ancestor, Robert, sure-enough, at the top bore Aunt Betsy's cherub and read thus:—"In memory of Mr. Robert Lamont who Died July 26th, 1789, in the 63d year of his age." Old Archibald's stone bore the following: "In memory of Mr. Archibald Lamont who

Departed this life April 24th 1795 aged 71 years. For ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." Great-grandmother's tombstone had as follows: "In Memory of Mrs. Phebe wife of Mr. William Lamont who died June 12th, 1789 in the 38th year of her age. Be ye also ready."

I visited the graveyard once again, in the summer of 1878, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wiltse, of Catskill, Wiltse's grandfather, Archibald Lamont, of whom I have already spoken, being buried there. Mr. Wiltse said that his mother, a daughter of Archibald, when on her dying bed, enjoined him to visit his grandfather's grave and see in what condition it was. He said he had searched all through that part of Columbia County, had found many old family burying-grounds gone to decay, but could discover no trace of his ancestor's grave. We were chatting one day about our forebears, and when I told Mr. Wiltse I could show him his grandfather's grave he was greatly surprised and pleased. Hence this trip, of which I have spoken, so that he might carry out his mother's injunction.

Great-grandfather William born in 1756.

William Lamont, my great-grandfather, was born in Hillsdale in 1756, the son of Robert Lamont, one of the brothers, as I have said, who emigrated from the North of Ireland. He served as a soldier during a good part of the Revolutionary war, but not continuously. I append his military record a little later. His name appears on the Revolutionary records as William Lemon, about as the name was undoubtedly pronounced by his own father and by his Scottish forebears. William never spelled it in any other way than Lamont. In later years, when he applied for a pension to which he was entitled, he had some little difficulty because the name William Lamont in this spelling did not appear on the

record, but there were enough of his comrades-in-arms living to identify him and make good his claim.

William Lamont's military record is as follows:

A private in Captain Joshua Whitney's company, 4th Regt. N. Y. State militia, Col. Kilaen Van Rensselaer. He served from October to December, 1775; then as a private in Captain Jonas Graves's company of the same regiment, eleven days in June (probably in 1776); as a private in Captain Joshua Whitney's company, 9th Regt. Albany County, N. Y. State Militia, Col. Peter Van Ness, from July to November, probably 1777. I give this year as the date of this particular service, for I heard a great-aunt say that her father served in the campaign against Burgoyne which led to his surrender in October, 1777, and was present and witnessed the surrender of the Hessians as they lay down their arms.

His next service was in the same company and regiment from August to September, 1778; again in the same regiment under Col. David Pratt, in October, 1780, at Fort Plain, N. Y. William Lamont had been made a corporal at this date.

I confess that I have not much confidence in these old Revolutionary records, as they are notoriously inaccurate in many cases. In the New York State Militia men were enrolled and called into service as an emergency arose, served for a time and then were permitted to return to cultivate their farms until called out again, always holding themselves ready for such a call. This will explain the fragmentary character of my great-grandfather's service.

William Lamont, probably about the year 1779 or 1780, near the close of the war, married a Mrs. Phœbe Perkins, a widow whose maiden name was Gorse. She was an energetic, active woman, caring well for her household, deeply pious, a member of the Baptist Church. My great-grandfather bought a farm about

three miles west of North Hillsdale, at the foot of the Cakeout Mountain, and built a house upon it, which is still standing. When I visited it I found a family by the name of Goslin occupying it. It had been held by the Goslin family from the time it had passed from the Lamonts.

On June 12, 1789, William Lamont's wife suddenly died. Just after working hard at her washing she sat down in a chair nearby, exclaiming, "How faint I feel!" and immediately expired. My grandfather, but a small boy then, was present, and related the scene to me with tears in his eyes. He spoke very affectionately of his mother and of her ability. She was buried in the same old graveyard at North Hillsdale.

My great-grandmother left a family of seven children, the eldest of whom could not have been more than about ten years old. Our great-grandfather married the second time a woman by the name of Rodman, and by her had three or four children. I never saw but one of them — Perkins Lamont, of Fulton, who sometimes visited us at Charlotteville.

The Lamont clan makes a stand.

At the close of the Revolutionary War the times were hard; there was a depreciated currency; there were arrearages in rent, and payments for land were overdue. The Van Rensselaers, who were large landholders in the region of North Hillsdale, tried to force collections. Archibald Lamont, the eldest brother of Robert (and the first of the name to come to this country), owned a farm on which the Van Rensselaers had no claim, as it lay beyond the limits of their patent. The agents of the Van Rensselaers and the officers of the law came and demanded payment for back rents. Archibald Lamont denied the claim, affirming that his farm was paid for, and that he held a deed of it. The bailiffs said

they would arrest him. With a loaded gun he confronted the officers as they drew near, and said: "I will shoot and some of you will be killed. I, too, may be killed, but I will die before I will submit to such injustice."

They went away for the time, but one day returned unexpectedly and found Archibald without his loaded gun. They arrested him and threw him into the Claverack jail. Claverack at that time was the county seat of Columbia County.

William Lamont, our great-grandfather, got together a dozen or more men, and hastened to Claverack to rescue his uncle. With a blacksmith's hammer he succeeded in wrenching off the staple and lock of the jail door and burst in, telling his astonished uncle, "Go out and ride home!"

His uncle said: "Will, they will kill you for this."

"Never mind," Will replied, "we will attend to that later."

William was threatened by the county sheriff, Fonda, but was never arrested for his highhanded act. The probabilities are that the Van Rensselaers found that they were wrong in their claim.

About the year 1801 or 1802, having disposed of his farm in Hillsdale, Great-grandfather William Lamont removed to the west part of the town of Middleburg, afterwards set off as the town of Fulton, Schoharie County. His brother-in-law, Gorse, moved into the town about the same time. Here William Lamont bought a farm, largely forest, and began life again. He lived on this farm until his second wife died and his home was broken up, when he went to live with his children.

Great-grandfather and the cucumber.

I recall two visits he made in our family, one about the year 1842, the last in 1846, when I was fourteen years

old. I remember the tenderness and respect shown him by my father, his grandson. Though bent with age, he was still fairly vigorous. He was rather stout, had a broad forehead, with eyes set far apart, gray in color. He was bald and had heavy, shaggy eyebrows. He spoke of some of the battles of the Revolution he was in and the whizzing of the bullets by his ears; of doing sentinel duty after fatiguing marches and of the difficulty of keeping awake. His aged appearance and conversation made a lively impression upon me. The last time he visited us he was with his eldest son, Matthew Lamont, my great-uncle, when he was about to go to Owego, N. Y. It was in August or September, 1846. Great-grandfather walked out into the garden, which was close by, picked a cucumber and, peeling it, called for a little salt, then ate it with a relish, showing that his power of digestion was still good.

William Lamont spent his last days with his youngest son, Albertus Lamont, in West Pomfret, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., near Fredonia, where he died in 1852 or 1853, at the age of about 96. I have tried to learn the exact date of his death and place of burial in West Pomfret, and the inscription on his gravestone, but have failed thus far.

Let me mention here a reminiscence of the journey when my great-grandfather moved from Hillsdale to Fulton, related to me by my aged Great-aunt Betsey Dibble. She said: "It was early in the spring and towards nightfall when we were driving through Vrooman's Land, not far from Middleburg, we came to an abrupt and lofty projection called 'Vrooman's Nose.' This precipice filled the little girl with wonder and she said to herself, 'An angel on the Day of Judgment will take his stand on the top of that mountain and blow his trumpet and hurl the rocks at the wicked below.'"

I, myself, have seen "Vrooman's Nose" a few times,

and it would naturally excite wonder and awe in a little child.

Our great-grandfather was a vigorous, active, intelligent man, with a retentive memory. I have deeply regretted that none of his sons or grandsons was sufficiently interested in family history to have written down what he must have known concerning his father's family one or two generations back, who and what they were in Scotland and Ireland, and what his experiences were as a soldier. Such a record would be greatly prized now.

Grandfather's early years.

William Lamont, junior, our grandfather, second son of William and Phoebe Lamont, was born in Hillsdale, N. Y., in 1784. In a rural neighborhood, at that time he enjoyed limited advantages for education, but he obtained all he could get, was fairly good in arithmetic and learned to write a good legible hand, fitting him for business. He was fond of athletic sports, once breaking an arm in a wrestling match. Later he was inoculated for and had the small-pox, though he bore no marks of it. He was for a while a clerk in the store of a Major McKinstry, a neighbor, of whom I have before spoken. This family was intimate with the Lamonts and visited them after our people had moved to Fulton.

Where the Stilwells sprang from.

At the age of eighteen grandfather (William, Jr.) married Jane Stilwell, a maiden of about his own age. She was the daughter of Thomas Stilwell of Greene River, a neighborhood near the border of Massachusetts, not many miles from Hillsdale. Thomas Stilwell was of English descent. An ancestor of his was a member of that English Parliament which in Cromwell's time

sentenced Charles I. to be beheaded. Thomas Stilwell was born on Long Island, but moved from there to Dutchess County, N. Y., and took up land in a region called "The Nine Partners." Thence he came to Greene River. He was of fair education for the times, and of considerable substance. He had a large family—seven daughters and two sons. I remember seeing five of the daughters—great-aunts of mine, and the two sons, one of whom, Samuel Stilwell, lived in Charlotteville.

My grandmother was a rather small woman with a pleasant face, kind, gentle, refined, and of a benevolent nature. This anecdote has come down concerning her: One black, stormy night, when she was a very small girl, some one said: "This is a good night for thieves to be abroad."

"How I do pity the poor thieves that have to be out such a night as this!" she exclaimed.

Soon after the marriage of this young couple they moved into the town of Fulton, whither Grandfather's father had preceded them but a short time, as I have said, in 1802. The younger William bought a small farm and set up his establishment in a log house almost in the wilderness. It is said that Grandmother, unaccustomed to the rude ways of pioneer life, nearly died from homesickness; that in the early years of her married life her father visited her and that on his departure she followed him for a considerable distance, walking and stumbling over the rough road. The life she was called to lead in her new home was very unlike the one to which she had been accustomed near New England. In the winter after the birth of their first born, named Thomas, after his grandfather Stilwell, Grandfather drove them both in a sleigh from Fulton to Greene River, that Grandmother might visit her family and show her father his new namesake. The weather

was cold, and perhaps the baby boy suffered some on the journey, for Grandmother in later life used to relate how much he cried on the journey.

This union was blessed with a family of twelve children, all of whom grew up except one son, who died in infancy. There were seven sons and five daughters. I remember them all well, except, of course, the one who died young.

Charlotteville becomes the family home.

About the year 1806 my grandfather, having disposed of his place in Fulton, moved to Charlotteville, in the town of Summit, at that time a part of the town of Cobleskill, Schoharie County. There he purchased a small farm. His father-in-law, Thomas Stilwell, moved there about the same time, buying a tract of 700 acres, mainly forest. I have no doubt that this new move of old Thomas Stilwell's made my Grandmother contented, because she was near her own immediate kindred.

Charlotteville was situated on the upper part of the Charlotte Creek, a tributary of the Susquehanna River. The creek was named Charlotte in honor of a daughter of Sir William Johnson, whose grant of land included that region. Charlotteville at that time was little more than a black alder swamp near where four roads met. Soon after settling there Grandfather opened a small store, perhaps the first in that part of the country. He received in exchange for his goods little but barter. There was little money in circulation at that time in that region. My Grandmother Paine (my mother's mother) said she once had occasion to visit Grandfather Lamont's store, kept in a log house. Of his stock of goods she said: "I think I could have carried away with me all he had, or all I saw, except the barrel of whiskey."

A man by the name of Harman Mitchell, poor in those

days, settled about the same time on a farm a mile or more further down the Charlotte creek, and came to the store to make some purchases, asking to be trusted, with the promise to pay in ashes in due time. Grandfather told him "first bring the ashes, and you can then have the goods."

This illustration of Grandfather's caution in doing business Mr. Mitchell was wont laughingly to tell of in after years, when Mitchell himself was considered one of the wealthiest men in the town.

A little later, in company with a man by the name of Warner, Grandfather Lamont built a saw-mill and a flour-mill on the Charlotte creek near his house. These mills were probably the first of their kind in that immediate region. The saw-mill has disappeared, but a flour-mill stands on the same site where one was erected quite one hundred years ago. I have heard elderly people who had dealings with Grandfather in their early days say that he was strictly just in all his transactions, and very generous and kind to honest settlers who were in need. I heard one old man say: "He kept us from starving; letting us have flour from his mill and trusting us until we could pay for it."

William Lamont early became the land agent of Judge Smith, of Schenectady, who was the owner of a large tract of land originally included, it is said, in Sir William Johnson's patent. Grandfather soon acquired considerable land himself, buying partly-improved farms that were for sale. He was elected Justice of the Peace and appointed a captain in the State Militia, holding commission as captain during the war with Great Britain in 1812-14. His company was called by a draft to furnish a number of men. In my boyhood I heard an old man belonging to his company state how the draft was made. Captain Lamont called his company into a field and drilled it for a little time, then he ordered

each man to load his gun. He then placed in his hat slips of paper for drawing by lot. Taking his stand on a little eminence he called the roll of the company, one by one. When a man's name was called he was to step forward and fire his gun in the air, then march up and draw. So the quota was filled. As the names were called some of the men marched very boldly, others were pale and trembling with fear. The men from this company were sent to Plattsburg, N. Y. My grandfather held himself in readiness to go when a draft was to be made for men holding a commission. I have heard my father, at that time only nine or ten years old, tell how the matter was talked over, and how they were dreading to have their father go off to war. But happily the war ended before the call came.

Captain Lamont a born leader.

In my boyhood my grandfather was called Captain Lamont, and sometimes "Squar'" Lamont. He was considered well-to-do for that time and place. He was a large, portly man, with a fine ruddy face, a broad, high forehead, crowned with silvery hair. He had a stately, commanding air and would impress people as a marked character. Such he really was. He was born to lead, as others to follow. The house which he built, and in which he lived for many years, is still standing and in good repair at the four corners in Charlotteville.

Grandfather took a deep interest in the politics of his day, generally acting and voting with the old Whig party. I think he never held any office higher than a town office, the party to which he belonged being generally in the minority in Schoharie County. He was a liberal supporter of the Methodist Church, a regular attendant when his health permitted, and his house was always open to the preachers. He was an invalid during the last few years of his life, a victim of diabetes.

He died the latter part of September, 1847, about 63 years old. The funeral was held on a Sunday morning in the Methodist Church; the Rev. Russell S. Scott, pastor of the church, officiating. The church was crowded; all his children and grandchildren of sufficient age were present, together with a large circle of kindred.

My father always evinced great respect and warm filial affection for his father, showing him a great deal of attention. I have heard my mother say that never a day passed, when my father was at home, that he did not visit Grandfather and have some conversation with him. About the only time I can recall seeing my father weep was when he was told that Grandfather was dead.

Grandmother's kind ways.

Grandmother (Jane Stilwell) Lamont survived Grandfather about seventeen years. She died during the dark days of the Civil War, towards its close. She was an excellent Christian woman, a member of the Baptist Church during her earlier years. When my father was converted and joined the Methodists, she withdrew from the Baptists and united with the Methodists, saying, "I can no longer belong to a church that will not allow me to commune with my own son, who is a better Christian than I am." The Baptists held to "close communion." She was exceedingly kind to the poor, giving rather indiscriminately. She would allow none to suffer if she had the power to relieve. I recall her gentle, tender ways, of her laying her hand on my head, saying: "Dear little sonny!"

Grandmother was very careful of her family, never allowing any of them to work overmuch. Especially careful was she of her daughters, always keeping plenty of household help after her husband became a well-to-do man. She desired her grandchildren to become good

scholars. Three of her grandsons, William Lamont Wood, William C. Lamont and Jacob P. Lamont, this last my eldest brother, were all of about the same age. She offered them twenty-five cents apiece as soon as they could repeat, without a break, the multiplication table. They all won the prize, which was something in those days when twenty-five cents counted for more than one dollar in these times. Grandmother Lamont must have been a fine looking woman when young, for she retained her good looks to old age. She had three married sisters living in Charlottesville, of whom she seemed very fond — Mrs. Jemima VanBuren, Mrs. Hannah Ryder, and Mrs. Charlotte Lincoln. I have seen the four sisters together, greatly enjoying one another's society.

SECTION II

Birth of Thomas William Lamont.

My father, the eldest son of his parents, was born in Fulton, August 3, 1803. He was named Thomas William, after both his grandfathers (Thomas Stilwell and William Lamont). No doubt the young mother was reasonably proud of her infant son, her first born. As I have already said, she took him on a journey of over eighty miles in a sleigh in the winter time. Little was thought of such a journey in those times, as it was about the only way of traveling by land. A little later, the little boy, when between two and three years of age, saw his father coming from the field one day and running to meet him, fell into the creek, not far off, and came near drowning, but was rescued from the water after he had come to the surface for the third time, quite unconscious. His painful sensations in recovering were never forgotten by him.

Father was almost four years old when his parents moved to Charlottesville. An occasional Indian was to be seen wandering through the valley, no longer hostile, one of the remnants of the tribes that once hunted through that region. Grandfather, like most pioneers, had little love for the Indians, and distrusted them. He thought that they had no more right to the land they would not cultivate than did the birds that flew over it, as I once heard him say. Moreover, the settlers had a hard time, for there were plenty of wolves howling and prowling about to destroy their sheep, and bears to steal their pigs, if there were no longer Indians to kill their owners.

Tim Murphy, an old Revolutionary soldier and

famous Indian fighter, in my father's boyhood often passed by Grandfather's house on his way to visit some of his children who had settled lower down in the Charlotte valley. My father said he saw him occasionally; that he was not a large man, was rather quiet and not disposed to talk much.

Some of my father's boyhood days.

Slavery still existed in the State of New York. The negroes were permitted to hire themselves out. Father said they occasionally came to his father's place, asking him to hire them, and though he kept help he always declined that kind. When father was a little boy, his grandmother Stilwell gave him a hen, and she soon had a brood of chickens, which were great pets. One night he had a dream and in the morning he, with his little brother, David, went over to his grandmother's and told her his dream.

"I dreamed that I ate up my hen," he said.

Little David, not to be behind in a dream and in order to go little Thomas one better, said: "Well, I dreamed that I ate up the chickens!"

When Father was a small boy, his father would put him on a horse and he would ride over the rough road through the woods, ten miles to his grandfather's in Fulton, and bring home a bag of apples. His grandfather had a young orchard that was beginning to bear.

School advantages were poor in that region. My father's earliest teacher was his grandfather Stilwell. Another of his teachers in his boyhood was his aunt, Betsey Lamont. His last instructor was Loring Andrews, quite a famous teacher in that region in his day. Father made the most of his advantages.

He used to talk of the long, severe winters of his boyhood, the deep snows and bitter weather, lasting for months. Like all the boys at that time, he went bare-

foot in the summer. I have heard him speak of how much he suffered from stone-bruises on his feet, which he received while running about over the rough, stony ground. Here is one anecdote that I heard Uncle David relate of their boyhood: Their neighbor's cow was continually breaking over the fence into their father's field. It was the business of the two little boys to drive her out; but she would soon be back again. They were quite tired of it, and determined to try some heroic remedy. There was a hornet's nest not far from the fence, and the two little boys carefully guided the cow close to it, then flung stones into the nest and ran away. The hornets swarmed out and "went" for the cow. She probably did not forget the lesson.

His religious awakening.

In 1818, when he was fifteen years old, there came a crisis in my father's life. Such a crisis as came to St. Francis of Assisi; such an one as came to young John Bunyan, the Bedford tinker; such a crisis as comes to all healthy, normal minds living under Christian influences. Upon the manner in which the crisis is met depend the future character, influence for good or evil, and final destiny of the individual. Through the example and teaching of his good mother, and the influence of his godly grandfather Stilwell, the deacon of the Baptist Church, but more by the earnest and direct appeals of the Methodist itinerants, who had organized a Methodist class in Charlotteville, the lad was deeply awakened to a sense of his need of pardon and a spiritual regeneration. His conviction of sin was sharp and deep for a lad of his years. He was greatly puzzled over the doctrine of election and predestination, preached by the Baptist ministers; he greatly feared that he was not one of the "elect." He sought and prayed earnestly. It is true, "he that seeketh findeth." While he

prayed in the field by himself, his burden of sin rolled away and light and peace came to him. From that day he never wavered in his purpose to live a consistent Christian life. Like St. Paul, he "was not disobedient of the heavenly vision." From that day onward few ever followed out a purpose more successfully than did he, to the end of his life.

He cast in his lot with the Methodists, joining the class of which Ebenezer H. Comstock was the leader. The class formed a part of an immense "circuit" requiring four hundred miles travel to cover all the appointments once in four weeks. There were two preachers on the circuit. One of them was John Bangs, of the famous Bangs family, well known in the Methodist Church in the last century. The circuit was in the New York Conference and included parts of Delaware, Otsego and Schoharie Counties. Soon after his union with the church, Father attended a "quarterly meeting," held in Sharon, Schoharie County, when he was baptized with sprinkling by the Rev. Peter P. Sanford, Presiding Elder of the District, called at that time, I think, the Hudson River District.

Father's Methodist connection brought its trials. His father, though having no objections to his being a Christian, in fact rather pleased than otherwise, was most decidedly opposed to his being a Methodist; that he regarded as a disgrace and a reproach. He used persuasion and argument, offering almost any inducement for him to forsake the Methodists. One day he offered a valuable piece of land, but the lad was unyielding in adhering to his convictions of what was right for him. The neighbors generally were of the Baptist persuasion and they, too, were enlisted to keep him from the Methodists. They would argue with him and ask him to tell his religious experience that they might judge whether his was a "genuine conversion." It amounted

almost to a persecution, and he naturally became very weary of it. One day a Duncan Ryder, of the Baptist society, with some others, came to his father's house to argue with him, asking him again to relate his religious experience, which he had already done once. He replied to them this time: "Cast not your pearls before swine." This silenced them for that evening.

Some early Methodist Experiences.

As evidence of the respect in which my father at this time was held, and the confidence reposed in him, he was at the age of sixteen appointed Class Leader of the little Methodist Society in Charlotteville, which position he held to the day of his death. The principal families in the class at that time were the Comstocks, the Tabers and the Tompkins. As I have said, the circuit was large and the preachers could not visit the little society oftener than once in three or four weeks, on a week-day evening. The meetings were usually in the house of the Tabers or in a schoolhouse. But the work was looked after and carried on by an exhorter by the name of Silas Washburn, of North Harpersfield. He lived about five miles from Charlotteville. He was quite eccentric and witty, well adapted to the times and region in which he lived, and very useful. He was said to be "mighty in prayer" and exhortation and very helpful to the weak Methodist societies in all that region. He was a farmer and, after working all day, would saddle his horse and ride here and there to hold prayer meetings in various localities a few miles from his home. He often visited our home in my boyhood, was always called "Uncle Silas," and was treated as one of our kindred.

Soon after my father's appointment as Class Leader, there was a quarterly meeting in Kortright in the winter, and he felt that it was his duty to attend. His father gave him a horse to ride. He afterwards told me that

the weather was exceedingly cold; he frosted his feet and hands before he got there, and became extremely chilled. But he was amply rewarded by the warmth of his reception on his arrival, and the good he there received. The early Methodists were most hospitable, especially on "quarterly-meeting" occasions.

Perhaps a year or two later there was a camp meeting somewhere in Delaware County and my father was anxious to attend. His father gave him his permission and a good horse to ride. On his arrival at the camp his horse was taken care of and turned into a field provided for that purpose. Father enjoyed the meeting, but at its close he found that his fine horse was missing. Supposing it probable that the horse had in some way got out of the field and gone home, he found a chance to drive with someone well on the road to Charlotteville, carrying his saddle and bridle with him.

When he arrived home his father immediately said: "Thomas, where is your horse?" He told his story briefly, saying that he had supposed the horse had gotten out of the field and returned home and that he would find him there. His father was exceedingly disquieted and angry and in language more emphatic than choice said: "The Methodists have stolen your horse!" He then told him to saddle another horse and added: "Go back and find the lost horse and don't return until you find him!"

Father went away and began the search, but could get no trace of the missing horse. He stopped somewhere one night and on getting up in the morning he found the second horse missing. He was now in a sad plight; both horses gone. He started out on foot, carrying his saddle and bridle, but failed to find either horse. How long he wandered in that region I do not know, but one day, to his surprise, he met his father and one of the hired men on the road. His father,

really a kind and affectionate man, had relented and was greatly changed in his tone. He said: "Thomas, go home. We will search for the missing horses." They found both unharmed in a few days. The father probably regretted his harshness and realized that he cared more for his boy — his firstborn — than for the lost horses. These were some of the trials of the young man in those days. They helped to discipline him and make him the strong character which he became.

The Methodists in those days were great singers and shouters, vehement and sometimes boisterous in their worship. Father fell into their ways, had great zeal, was a fine singer, did not spare himself; no doubt he went to an excess which he himself, in his later years and more mature judgment, would not approve. He was said to have been gifted in prayer and exhortation and was given an "exhorter's license." People generally believed that he had a call to preach, and he shared that impression himself. But he excused himself on the ground of his insufficient education, and further on account of a trouble he had of hemorrhage, which came not from his lungs but from his stomach which had been weakened by an injury he had received while plowing in the field.

He had managed to acquire sufficient education to become a successful school-teacher, which occupation he followed for a few years in Charlotteville and in a nearby neighborhood. It was his habit to open his school with prayer, a custom not common in that region. He enjoyed the reputation of having his pupils under excellent discipline and of arousing in boys who were exceedingly dull a desire for learning. For years he was remembered in that region for these qualities.

For a few months in one year he was an assistant in a general store in Richmondville, N. Y., about ten miles

from Charlotteville. There he acquired some knowledge of the mercantile business.

Marriage with Elizabeth Paine.

In August, 1826, at the age of twenty-three, Father married Elizabeth Maria Paine, the only daughter of Jacob and Lucy (Austin) Paine. They lived in the town of Worcester, Otsego County, about two miles from Charlotteville, in the neighborhood where my father had taught school for a few terms. People said that Elizabeth Paine was regarded as one of the brightest and best of the students in that school. At the time of her marriage she was only about fifteen years old.

Her parents were of pure New England stock. Her father, Jacob Paine, was born in Dover, N. Y., near the Connecticut border, and his wife, Lucy Austin, was born in Greenwich, R. I. When they were married they were living only a few miles east of Albany. About the year 1805 they settled on the farm they occupied the rest of their days. It was then a wilderness. The sight of deer and bears was common, and the howl of wolves often broke their slumbers at night. They were worthy, industrious, honest people, respected by everybody for their kindness and neighborly helpfulness.

Grandmother Paine was a remarkably bright, clever woman. She was much sought for in cases of illness in all that region; had no little knowledge of the nature of diseases, and skill in giving herb teas and applying other healing remedies. She was sunny and cheerful; excellent company.

Grandfather Paine was a modest, quiet man, very fond of children and of a laugh in a quiet way. He was drafted into the army in the War of 1812, but procured a neighbor as a substitute by giving him a fine, young horse. Grandfather and Grandmother were both thrifty people, and their farm of fair size was paid for in a few

years, while Mother was still a little girl. Grandfather, who had never been quite satisfied with his place in Worcester, determined to go prospecting. There was at that time no Erie Canal, but he traveled up the Mohawk valley and on to western New York, and was greatly pleased with the country and the fertility of the soil, so superior to that of his farm in Worcester. But there was one serious drawback that greatly discouraged him and turned him back home again. In almost every home he entered in the region of Rochester he found someone ill with fever and chills. He believed that nothing in the way of other advantages could compensate for the loss of health, so he came back, content to end his days in Worcester.

Early days in the Paine family.

Those were the days of homespun and Grandfather Paine kept sheep and raised flax. The wool and flax, after being prepared, were spun and woven at home and worn by the family. There were two sons in the family, Chester, older, and George, younger than my mother. None of them ate "the bread of idleness." In the spring, every year, after the spring weaving and maple sugar-making were finished, Grandfather and Grandmother would take some of their home-manufactured cloth — woollen and linen, and their maple sugar to market in Albany, stopping on the way at Sloansville, N. Y., where Grandmother Paine had two sisters living, a Mrs. Moore and a Mrs. Phelps. After selling their produce in Albany, they would visit Grandmother's mother, a Mrs. Baker, who had married a second time and was living on a farm a few miles east of Albany.

During these yearly visits of Grandmother away from home, the daughter, Elizabeth (my mother), though but a little girl, kept house for her two brothers. Once she had the help of the young woman who taught the

school in that neighborhood. She early learned to bear responsibility.

Grandfather and Grandmother Paine were people of much natural refinement and taste. Among the pleasantest memories of my boyhood are our visits to that home in Worcester where we were always made so welcome; that home where there was always so much sunshine. On one occasion, when I was only a little boy, Grandmother overfed me with cake and made me a little ill. I took a dislike to cake from that day, from which I have never recovered. Grandfather Paine died in January, 1857. Grandmother survived him several years, dying in November, 1865. Their graves can be visited in the Charlottesville burying-ground.

When Father married my mother she was only fifteen years old, but mature for her years. Someone asked Grandmother why she allowed her only daughter to get married so young. Grandmother is said to have replied: "I am very unwilling to part with her, but Thomas Lamont is such a remarkably fine young man and so much esteemed, that I believe Maria will never again have so excellent an offer, therefore we consent."

Grandfather and Grandmother Paine were both devout members of the Baptist Church, in which faith they trained their children. After their daughter's marriage, Grandmother was heard to say, "The Lord made Maria a Christian, but Thomas Lamont made her a Methodist."

Mother always exhibited great affection for her father and mother, visiting them often while they lived and greatly mourning for them when they died.

Thomas W. Lamont as a young merchant.

Soon after their marriage Father and Mother began housekeeping in Charlottesville in a modest way, and Father started in the business of a general merchant, in partnership with Jacob Hoffman. Father had little

capital; he had saved something from his wages as a school teacher, and his father gave him less than \$100. They did a comparatively small business, buying on credit and often selling on credit and taking their pay chiefly in barter. The partnership did not last more than a year or two, but was dissolved in a friendly manner by mutual consent. Mr. Hoffman and my father always remained warm friends. There was little temperance sentiment or practice in that region in that early time; in fact there was a whiskey distillery in Charlottesville. Father had conscientious scruples against the sale of whiskey, his partner had none. After the partnership was dissolved no intoxicating drink was ever to be had in the old store.

He did a small business, the people generally were in moderate circumstances and, as I have said, little money was in circulation. He received almost everything in exchange for his goods, farm produce of all kinds, butter, eggs, stock, sheep, cattle, ashes, etc. The ashes he had manufactured into potash. All he received he could sell for cash in Albany. While he sold on credit he rarely lost anything by bad debts. He went to New York City once or twice a year to buy dry goods. His grandfather, Thomas Stilwell, went with him the first time he visited the city and introduced him to his kindred living in New York, especially to his brother, Samuel Stilwell, who was a man of some standing and substance. He had held the office of City Surveyor when Dewitt Clinton was Mayor, and together they laid out the streets of the city in their present checkerboard fashion. He had also represented the city as a member of the State Legislature at Albany, I think in 1819. This great-uncle had a very kind feeling for my father, and when he died in 1847 or 1848 it was found that he had remembered Father in his will with a legacy of \$500.

My father continued the business of merchant for

eight years, making an average profit of \$200 per year. In 1834 or 1835 he sold out his business and bought a little place of five or six acres with a house and barn, directly opposite the Methodist church in the village. And about the same time he bought a farm of a Mr. Day, located about a half mile below the village. For two years we lived in the house directly opposite the church. The house is still standing and in a fair state of preservation. My earliest recollections are of living in that house. In the spring of 1837 we moved on to the farm. Father bought additions to it until he had a tract of about 250 acres. My boyhood days were spent on this farm.

My father was an energetic, enterprising man, and he began at once to improve his farm, putting up additional buildings, clearing new land and improving that already cleared, burning stumps, removing stones from the fields and building them into stone fences. There were three tenement houses on different parts of the farm, and for a large part of the year my father employed the men occupying these houses in making improvements and doing farm work in the summer, and in threshing grain and cutting wood and timber in the winter. In 1846 he built an entirely new house of considerable size, which is still standing. The tenement houses of which I have spoken were not large, but were generally occupied by large families. Father rented them at the modest rate of one dollar per month, which included the privilege of a garden, the pasture of a cow, and firewood for the year, the tenant to cut and draw it. The rent was to be paid in labor.

Manners and customs on the farm.

The farm was kept well stocked with a dairy of twenty or more cows, a yoke of oxen, from three to four horses, a good many young cattle and a large flock

of sheep. The stock was all well housed and sheltered in the winter. The farm was so improved in buildings and so well kept and productive that it was regarded as one of the best, if not the best, in the entire town. The barns in the fall were always filled to the eaves and a stack of straw was outside. All the hay and feed was needed, for the winters were long and severe. Towards spring the barns and sheds began to look pretty empty. No little labor was required to care well for the stock. So wisely did my father plan that his winter supplies were always sufficient and the livestock came out in the spring in good condition. The farm produced a good deal that was carried to market, generally to Albany; some grain, buckwheat flour, flaxseed, timothy and clover seed, maple sugar, pork, poultry, geese, ducks and chickens, but principally butter. The butter of the entire summer season was churned with a machine run by a large dog. The dog was not fond of churning and would hide somewhere to escape his task. To make sure of him, we had to catch him and tie him up early in the morning. The dog was very knowing and seemed to count the days and to know when Sunday came, for he would never hide then, as no churning was done Sundays. Butter, the chief product, was taken to New York by way of Catskill early in November. When Father took his butter to market a good many of the neighboring farmers shipped theirs in his care for him to sell. Before he could finish selling all the butter he frequently would be absent two or three weeks, leaving his team at a hotel in Catskill. His return was always looked forward to by us little folks very eagerly, as he always brought us some present which we greatly prized.

On one occasion Uncle James Wood and his wife, Aunt Katy, and Mother went with him, our sister, Lucy, in the meantime caring for the house and children. Mother remembered well all she had seen on the steam-

boat and in New York, and the friends she had visited. There was no little joy on their safe return.

Samuel Stilwell, Father's great-uncle, of whom I have spoken, left in his will 900 acres of wood-land, located in the town of Windsor, Broome County, N. Y., to the daughters of his brother, Thomas Stilwell. There were six or seven girls in all. This was in 1847. The land was visited and appraised by some who were interested in it; none cared to buy or to occupy the property. Finally my father made the heirs an offer which they all regarded as fair, and so he bought them all out. He was accustomed to go to Broome County once or twice a year and look after his interests there. He sold the greater part of the land to people in that region for farms. I doubt whether, considering the time and trouble expended, the investment ever made a profitable return. The last of this property was not disposed of until after my father's death.

The Charlotteville Seminary.

During the fall and winter of 1849 and 1850 the question of building an educational institution of high grade in Charlotteville began to be seriously discussed. The Rev. Samuel D. Ferguson and his brother, Sanford I. Ferguson (both of them maternal uncles of the woman I afterwards married) had built an academy in the town of Davenport in the Charlotte valley, about eight miles below Charlotteville. This academy was opened for students in the spring of 1847, and was very successful from the first. It was a boarding school and the pupils were largely children from New York City, ranging in age from ten to fifteen years. The elder Mr. Ferguson had an extensive acquaintance in New York, having been pastor of churches there for several years and Superintendent of the Leek and Watts Orphan Home in the upper part of the city.

Many parents and guardians were only too glad to commit the care of their children to one whom they knew and trusted, in a place where they could have bracing country air and at the same time receive an education. Hence the success of the enterprise.

No doubt the success of this academy had something to do in suggesting to the good people of Charlotteville the idea of a higher institution of learning. But the purpose of the people in Charlotteville was not a school for children drawn from the city, but for a much older class of students to be drawn from near and far. The plan speedily matured and took a definite shape. A stock company was formed, trustees were elected and subscriptions covering the probable cost were soon made. My father, deeply interested in the project from the first, was elected President of the Board of Trustees, which position he held until his death. Father desired to have his children as well educated as he could possibly afford. He saw in a seminary in Charlotteville an opportunity to do for them what he deeply longed to do. He was one of the largest subscribers to the stock, and through his influence others subscribed the amount necessary. Abraham Becker, of South Worcester, a successful lawyer, was also much interested and was a large subscriber to the stock. The Institution was chartered and incorporated by the Board of Regents of the State of New York as "The New York Conference Seminary." The New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its session in May, 1850, passed a resolution endorsing the undertaking, but assumed no financial responsibility for it. Through the summer, the process of erecting the seminary building went forward, under the direction of Jacob Hoffman, hopefully and eagerly watched by all, especially the young people.

Inquiry was made for a suitable principal for the

new school. The Rev. Dr. Stephen M. Vail, a professor of the Biblical Institute of Concord, N. H., recommended the Rev. Alonzo Flack, a student in the Institute and a graduate of Union College, as a fit person. On invitation, he visited Charlotteville in August, and was a guest at our house for several days. He preached on Sunday morning in the church and, on the whole, in spite of some drawbacks, made a favorable impression. Trustee meetings were held and he laid before the Trustees his plans for the success of the seminary. The expense of a year was to be made as low as possible without loss to the Trustees. The idea of money-making was not encouraged, in fact, there had been little thought of it at any time. The seminary was to be well advertised in the surrounding region, in Albany and in the church papers. Students were to be conveyed free of charge, except for board, from Albany, Oneonta and some other points.

Mr. Flack was finally engaged as principal at a salary of \$400 for the first year, board included. He was of Scotch-Irish origin, a native of Argyle, N. Y. Of small stature, with dark complexion and piercing black eyes, a man full of energy, fertile in resources and practicable schemes, of good executive ability, he was just the person to bring success to an enterprise of this sort.

Education at low rates.

There were to be two terms of twenty-two weeks each, each term being divided so as to make altogether four quarters of eleven weeks each. The cost for tuition in common English, with room and board, was \$68.00 for a year. The seminary was to open about November 1, 1850.

Mr. Flack's plan was carried out to the letter. Conveyances met students at the designated points. The

result was an embarrassing number of students, nearly all young men and women, almost 250 in number. Every room in the seminary was crowded and every family in the village that could be persuaded opened its doors to entertain and board students. Even then it was only with a good deal of crowding that all were accommodated. To open, organize, successfully conduct and govern so large a body of students required ability of no common order. Mr. Flack was equal to the demands of the occasion. The first term passed off as smoothly and successfully as could be expected. One secret of its success was that the students, almost without exception had enrolled themselves with the purpose of making the most of their opportunities.

Early in the spring another building was put up in the rear of the first that would accommodate fifty or more students and afford additional classrooms. Other buildings were erected on the grounds and teachers were added to the board of instructors until almost 450 students in attendance were provided for.

In 1853 Mr. Flack unwisely aspired to build a college in Charlotteville in connection with the Seminary. A flourishing Methodist Seminary at Lima, in western New York, had established a college in connection with the seminary, and the college was afterwards merged into the Syracuse University. Mr. Flack was ambitious to follow that example. He proposed to erect college buildings on the other side of the Charlotte Creek and raise an endowment of \$100,000 by the sale of scholarships. Mr. Flack, after his enthusiastic manner, secured a Board of Trustees, bought a large plot of land, planned and began to erect the proposed college buildings. One was built and filled with students of the Seminary during the winter when there was an attendance of about 700. But the attempt to sell scholarships to raise the proposed endowment of \$100,000 failed.

Without consulting, and without the consent of, the people in the region of Charlotteville, who had been persuaded to engage in the enterprise, Mr. Flack transferred his efforts to build a college to Troy, N. Y., expecting to call the institution Troy University, thus leaving the people of Charlotteville "out in the cold."

A few words concerning the Troy University: Buildings were erected on Mount Ida and at length were opened for students under the care of a small faculty. Mr. Flack aspired to the presidency, but failed of an election. Then he went to Claverack as principal of the "Hudson River Institute." The Troy University never flourished, and I do not know that it ever graduated a class. It was heavily embarrassed with debt and was finally sold to the Roman Catholics for some kind of a parochial institution.

The Seminary burns to the ground.

In May, 1854, the Seminary in Charlotteville caught fire and was burned to ashes. Most of the students saved their clothing and a little furniture. The greater part of the students remained till the end of the term, finding accommodations in the village and crowding into the newly erected college building, which then became the home of the Seminary. The morning chapel of the Seminary was held in the Methodist church. The school at this time had reached its high-water mark of prosperity, but it was never rebuilt. From the time of the fire there was a gradual decline in the number of students. For fifteen years it continued fairly prosperous, under four or five successive principals. But in the summer of 1865 the last buildings burned down, never to be rebuilt. The Rev. Solomon Sias tried to keep a high school under the old charter name in a hotel in the village, once known as the "Hoffman House." Even this was finally closed about the year

1870, so that this Institution, to which the Lamont family gave much in efforts and contributions, may be said to have had a history lasting about twenty years.

If, at the time the seminary had an attendance of about four hundred students that were well cared for, Mr. Flack had been content to rest there and had sought to consolidate and perfect the enterprise so auspiciously begun, to improve the character of the teaching and make the school in every way more permanently attractive and desirable, that surely would have been the wiser thing. I fancy that the seminary might have been easily rebuilt with the money put into the poorly-constructed college buildings, and have remained fairly prosperous until this time. There was evidently the need and demand for such a grade of school in that part of the State — a preparatory school for college and a place where many young people unable to go to college might acquire a more liberal training than was possible in the common schools. It was especially adapted for the children of farmers and others of moderate circumstances in rural communities. There always is a demand for just that grade of high school for the benefit of the class alluded to. Witness the permanent prosperity of the Cazenovia Seminary, the Wyoming Seminary, and the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. The New York Conference Seminary, started a little later than some of them, might have been made equally prosperous and permanent.

Mr. Flack told me a few years before he died that his leaving Charlotteville was the great mistake of his life; that he might have accomplished more and better work if he had remained there. With his talent for pushing enterprises in which he was interested, his boundless enthusiasm, his power to inspire young men and women to make the most of themselves, and with his executive ability, he would have been vastly more

successful by staying to build up a permanent institution at Charlotteville and, further, he would have kept faith with the people there who had opened the way for his success and had loyally sustained him to the utmost of their financial ability.

As to the quality of the teaching in Charlotteville in those days, it is worth remembering that the young men who went to Union College — and there were many of them — and to Wesleyan University and to Yale, ranked well in scholarship with the average in their classes. Some of the causes of the extraordinary success of the New York Conference Seminary, while it endured, were: first, the demand, which I have described, for schools preparatory for college and of a much higher grade than the common schools of the day; second, it was a Methodist Church School, largely patronized by Methodist pastors of the New York Conference who sent their children there and cast their influence in its favor and acted as its agents; third, the unparalleled reasonableness of its charges — children could be maintained and educated there at almost less cost than they could be kept at home.

To the credit of the Seminary, it must be recorded that many young men and women who otherwise never would have gone beyond the common school, obtained there a sound education. And not a few young men went through college who never would have done so, but for the opportunity Charlotteville opened for them. And further, many clergymen in the surrounding Conferences received their preparatory training there. Mr. Flack was constantly urging his students to take a regular college course and spurring them on to that end. I have said enough to indicate the causes for the gradual decline and final windup of the Seminary at Charlotteville. It was perfectly plain that Mr. Flack's withdrawal was a great loss; that the establishment of better

graded schools in the cities and larger villages kept at home more and more of the young people; that the lack of a sufficient income to keep the buildings in a good state of repair was a heavy drawback.

Many institutions spring up.

But the initial success of Charlottesville, which was maintained for several years, prompted many unwise efforts at seminary building in the same region. The first one was in Richmondville, only ten miles from Charlottesville, started about two years later. The seminary building, filled with students, was destroyed by fire in less than four months after it was opened. It was rebuilt, but again met the same fate within a year or two. Then a seminary was built in Warnerville, about four miles beyond Richmondville. The building is still standing, but the school never prospered and the building was finally turned into a boarding-house. Another seminary was built in Carlisle, Schoharie County. It had only a brief existence and was then torn down, the organization moving elsewhere. Another school was built in Princeton, Schenectady County, which had but a brief life. Still another institution was put up at Fort Plain. It flourished well for a few years, but after several failures it was taken in hand by the Universalists who still keep it up as a school. Fort Edward was the site of another seminary which prospered for years under the presidency of the Rev. Joseph E. King, but that, too, was destroyed by fire years ago, was rebuilt on a smaller scale and is now used as a female seminary. Cooperstown on Lake Otsego had a similar school which prospered for a short time and then burned down. At Ashland, Greene County, there sprang up another seminary which, after a few years, ended its days in the customary conflagration. John F. Hurst, who afterwards became a bishop, was a teacher there, as was also

my cousin, Kate Lamont, who became Hurst's wife. Another school, built in Deposit, Delaware County, never flourished to any marked degree, and finally, after being vacant for a time, went up in flames at the time when I was pastor in Deposit. Claverack, N. Y., also had a school, the Hudson River Institute, which flourished fairly well for about forty years. Mr. Flack took charge of it on the failure of his Troy University enterprise. He was principal for about thirty years, being succeeded by his son. The building is still standing, but its doors are closed for want of patronage. During my pastorate at Claverack, my elder son, Hammond, then a little chap of six years, attended the school. My younger son, Thomas W., was born in that village. Many of the schools named failed from the same causes that led to the downfall of the New York Conference Seminary.

The building of so many seminaries in that one region where they could not possibly all be needed was an interesting phenomenon of the times. There seemed to be a kind of mania or craze which had its day and then passed away, leaving not a few people suffering from losses that they could ill afford. Some were even completely ruined financially. Thus the short-lived prosperity of the Charlotteville Seminary seemed to be the unwitting occasion of a good deal of unwise and in the end disastrous imitation. The history of this movement, this instinctive straining for educational advantages on the part of the people of New York State sixty years ago, has not been written or even touched upon, so far as I know, by anyone familiar with the facts.

But let us return to the family history. My father was not very much enamored of the college enterprise in Charlotteville of which I have spoken, nor was he very deeply mixed up in it. He died before it had fairly taken shape. "He was taken away from the evil

to come." He opened a store for general merchandise in the village, embarking in trade again after an interval of about fifteen years. My brother, William, was his principal helper; at the same time the farm was conducted as usual. He prospered and soon my twin brothers, William and David, were his chief clerks. In the summer of 1852 Father erected a much larger building to care for his growing business under the firm name of "Lamont & Sons." He was also appointed postmaster in the spring of 1853. Towards the end of May he prepared to go to Windsor to look after his land in that town, and to visit some of his uncles and cousins who had settled in the neighborhood of Owego, N. Y. Mother accompanied him on his journey.

The death of my father.

Well do I recall the morning they started. I was just starting for the Seminary as they were getting into the carriage. Father said, "Good-bye, Thomas; look after things while I am away." On the morning of June 3d he had transacted his business in Windsor and was driving westward on a highway near the tracks of the Erie Railroad, about ten miles from Binghamton. A hand-car came along the track, and Father's horse, unaccustomed to seeing cars of any kind, took fright and tried to run away. By a good deal of exertion Father succeeded in stopping him after a little time. He then alighted to adjust something about the harness that had gotten out of order. Mother, too, got out to pick up something that had fallen out a little way back while the horse was running. When she returned she noticed that Father was leaning against the horse, looking pale. He said: "I feel faint." Mother said: "Lie right down on the ground." He did so at once. She went to him and found that he had ceased to breathe. She felt his pulse and it had stopped beating. She could discover no signs

of life. He must have died the instant he reached the ground.

Mother found his knife and tried to bleed him, but on opening a vein the blood would not flow. The conviction was forced upon her that her husband was dead. In speaking of the scene at that moment Mother said: "I could feel the angels' presence there: they had come to take him to the heaven for which he had been preparing and ripening for years."

A singular thing was that the horse, so unmanageable a little while before, seemed by instinct to know that something unusual was happening, for all this time he stood perfectly still.

Mother was entirely alone during this fearful ordeal. Seeing some men working on the railroad near by, she hurried towards them and called for help. They came at once and the lifeless body was carried to a house perhaps a quarter of a mile away. A doctor was sent for and he pronounced Father dead. A coroner was summoned. After careful inquiry into all the circumstances he decided that death had come from overexertion in stopping the runaway horse — exertion that had ruptured a blood-vessel of the heart. Mother sent at once to Binghamton, ten miles away, for an undertaker and all else that was needed to bring Father's body home. A cousin of Father's, a Mrs. Messereau, living a few miles away, having in the meantime heard the sad news, came to offer her sympathy; all she could do.

Finally all things were ready for the return. Mother hired a man to drive her alongside the hearse, and about evening time she started on her sad journey homeward. She was at least one hundred miles from home. She rested for a little time during the night at a hotel on the road to feed her horses, but she could not sleep. They pushed on early the next day and after dark that night reached my eldest brother's (Jacob's) home, about

three miles east of Oneonta. It was heavy news to him, a great shock, for Father and Mother had stayed all night with him on their way out only a short time before.

A melancholy home-coming.

Long before daylight Mother started again to cover the final twenty-two miles of the journey. A neighbor of Jacob's, Dexter Brown, who had once lived in Charlottesville, was sent on in advance of the sad procession to break the news to us. Well do I recall that morning. I was in the cowyard milking. Mr. Brown rode up and halted. I stepped to the road to see him.

"Your father took a journey not many days ago, did he not?" said he.

"Yes," I answered.

"I am very sorry to tell you that he is dead and that they are coming with his remains a little way behind me."

The sad news soon spread through the household, and by that time Mother, with the procession, had arrived. I need not describe the scene.

We all preferred to remember our Father as we had last seen him, in health and strength; and so, with little further preparation, we laid him at rest that same afternoon in the Lamont burying-ground. This was on Saturday. The funeral proper, as the custom was at that time, was held in the church on Sunday morning, the Rev. David Buck, the newly appointed pastor of the Church, officiating. I can recall nothing of his text or sermon. I have always regretted that the Rev. Harvey Brown, an old and lifelong acquaintance of my father, who was visiting in the place, was not invited to preach the sermon. He would have been able to do greater justice to the occasion. He only made a few very appropriate remarks. The reason he was not in-

vited was a fear that Mr. Buck, the regular pastor, might in some way consider himself slighted. Mr. Buck's sermon was generally regarded as quite unequal to the occasion.

A few observations about my father.

1. He was a man of fine presence, of about medium size, with a pleasant face, a ruddy countenance, a high, broad forehead, black hair just beginning to be sprinkled with gray, large bluish-gray eyes, large front teeth and a very pleasant smile. He was a man of much natural dignity — few would be inclined to take undue liberty or use undue familiarity in his presence. He impressed people favorably — it was his unconscious influence speaking through his whole personality.

2. He was a man of good, well-balanced intellect and sound commonsense; an excellent judge of human nature.

3. He had excellent business ability, better than anyone else of his father's family. He had, according to the modest standards in his time and community, even though still under fifty, attained success. His estate at his death was estimated at \$15,000. We are to remember, too, that he had a large and growing family, thirteen children, to be cared for during his business years. His advocacy of any financial enterprise had great weight. To him, more than to any other man, was due the building and the prosperous beginning of the New York Conference Seminary.

4. He was a public-spirited man and favored with heart and hand whatever was for the general good. He took an interest in the political questions of his day, though not a zealous party man. On national and State elections he voted the Democratic ticket. Twice before he was forty years old he was elected supervisor of his town. His advocacy of any candidate greatly helped,

if it did not actually secure his election to any town office. In all probability he would have been nominated and elected Member of the Legislature for Schoharie County in 1844, except for the Anti-Rent excitement that year. Father had expressed himself very decidedly as having no sympathy with what was lawless in that movement, and there was a good deal of lawlessness in it. This stand on his part was not very appealing to the excited feelings of many voters at that time.

5. He was an early and earnest advocate of temperance reform. Through his influence his town came within eleven votes of becoming a no-license town almost seventy years ago. For years in my boyhood no liquor was sold in the hotel in Charlotteville.

6. He was first of all and chiefly a well-rounded, thoroughly good Christian man. His religion was the chief thing with him always; it was so from his boyhood; it leavened his whole life and by it he settled every question. It was as true of him as it ever was of any man that ever lived that "He sought first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." This was first in his thoughts; first in his affections, and first in the strenuousness of his endeavors. Whatever else must be put aside, this was not neglected for an hour, and according to the divine promise, "other things were added," in due time, in kind and degree. His Christianity ordered his speech, governed his household, trained his children and regulated all his relations to his fellow-men. He never was in too great a hurry to hold family prayers in the morning before breakfast, reading a chapter from the Bible — not always a short chapter. And when we were old enough to read, we children had each a testament and at morning prayers each read a verse in turn. This was always done, both winter and summer, in haying and harvest time, and the helpers were always invited to be present, usually ac-

cepting the invitation. This was never a formal, hurried service, but thoughtful, deliberate, sincere. There were also generally evening prayers, without the reading. The influence of family worship upon the household was highly salutary and lasting.

I may add the testimony of the Rev. Harvey Brown, of Summit, for years a member of the New York Conference, but transferred to the West: "I had known Thomas W. Lamont from his boyhood; from the time he became a christian. I have traveled extensively in New York and in the West in several States; have known a great many excellent Christian men, some quite intimately. Of all the men I have ever known, Thomas W. Lamont was the best, the most upright, the most thoroughly Christian man." He said further that "he had been the greatest religious factor in Schoharie County in his day; had done more than any other single man to advance the interests of Christianity in his native county. His death was more like a translation than anything else."

Father never made any lofty professions; was always modest in his statements concerning his religious life and experiences. He was conscious of faults and defects, but I believe he approached as nearly to the highest New Testament standard of Christian attainment as our frail human nature ever does. I have already spoken of his organizing the first Sunday-school in Charlotteville, and probably the first in Schoharie County.

He was a man of much prayer, of regular habits of prayer, always taking time at midday, as well as at morning and evening, for a period of private devotion.

7. He was ardently attached to the Church of his early choice. He was regular, devout and constant in his attendance upon the Church services. The prosperity of the Church was his joy; her decline, his sor-

row. It was his influence and earnest advocacy that secured the building of the Methodist church in Charlotteville in 1832, before I was born. He was a generous contributor towards its construction. The church is still standing. He was a generous giver in his day and according to his means for the support of the Church and other benevolent causes. I have no doubt that year by year, on an average, he gave at least a tenth of his income to the Church and other benevolences.

8. He practised a large-hearted and open-handed hospitality—"hospitality without grudging." His home was always open to Methodist ministers and their families, and, on the old-fashioned Methodist Quarterly Meeting occasions, his house was filled to overflowing. I do not think he was ever a loser by his hospitality and generosity. But whether he was or not, he felt it a duty and a privilege and that was enough for him.

The foregoing is an imperfect and altogether inadequate estimate of the excellences of my father's character.

SECTION III

I write this sketch of a commonplace life, not that I think it worthy of record, but because I have been earnestly solicited by the members of my family to write it. I have no high estimate of my attainments or achievements; I can only say, as has often been said before: "*By the grace of God I am what I am.*"

Birth of Thomas Lamont in 1832.

I am the fifth child and the fourth son of my parents, Thomas W. and Elizabeth Maria (Paine) Lamont. I was born on October 6th, 1832, in Charlotteville, N. Y., where my Grandfather had established the family home about 1806. It was my great advantage to be born in a thoroughly Christian home, in an atmosphere of warm, cheerful piety, in a family as well enlightened and as free from narrowness and bigotry as probably could be found in that region. The house in which I was born, and in which I spent the first two and a half years of my childhood, is still standing. It is in about the center of the village, on the south side, somewhat back from the street — an old red house, painted that color in all likelihood at the time it was built, almost a century ago.

My first memories are connected with a house still standing (directly opposite the Methodist church) into which the family moved about the year 1835. There were around it perhaps five or six acres. I remember an old orchard on the place which, in apple-time, I was very fond of visiting. A Sally Millington was a helper in our family at that time. She used to say that often, while spinning upstairs, she would see me, a little light-

haired boy, running from the orchard, calling: "Sally, I am coming; Sally, I am coming!" at the same time holding up my hands full of apples. Sally married Daniel Morris, tailor, and spent the most of her life in Charlotteville. She died, a very old woman, about the year 1900.

The old, unpainted schoolhouse was not far off, to which I was sent as a pupil when I was about three years old. Perhaps there were so many of us little folks that it was thought I should be out of the way at school, being cared for by the teacher and the elder children. It was the summer term. One Sunday morning I started off to school as usual. One of my elder brothers brought me back, and I remember, after I got home, hanging my head and being very much ashamed of myself that I had so completely forgotten the day. The teacher, Miss Rose Ann Rowland, was the one who taught me my alphabet. She afterwards married a Harry Boughton. In the winter time, Charles Gorse was the teacher — a tall, strong man, a second cousin of my father. When I stood up close to him to spell my short words, as he was sitting down, I seemed to come only about up to his knees. He became a Methodist clergyman and for more than fifty years was a worthy member of the New York Conference.

Schoolboy days at Charlotteville.

I attended the district school both summer and winter until I was about twelve. The old schoolhouse, crowded right into the road, has long since disappeared. Another schoolhouse, not far from the old one, was built in 1842, much larger and more commodious, and said to have been, when built, the finest in Schoharie County. Though turned into a dwellinghouse, it is still standing.

I did not love study any more than the average boy; was as fond of play and was as glad when the teacher

would say: "The boys may go out," when the noon recess of an hour arrived. We took a lunch from home to be eaten at this recess, usually of bread and butter, with a large piece of maple sugar between the slices, and some pie and cake. We played hard and by the time we reached home at night were as hungry as little bears, and went straight for the pantry to get something to eat. The schools I attended were not made especially attractive. It was the time when there was unshaken faith in the virtue of the rod and ferule as aids in imparting instruction. My recollection, especially of the winter terms, is of seeing great, big boys called out onto the floor for some breach of the rules, lectured and then whipped, in some cases unmercifully. The women teachers were, perhaps, as a rule, not quite so severe. Their pupils were small children and more easily managed, yet I have some unpleasant memories of being beaten with a ruler on my arms, legs and hands for simply looking off my book, and sometimes I did not even know the reason for this punishment. I recall one teacher who would frequently pass around with her ruler and strike us on the thighs. We got so that we would flinch when we saw her coming. She would then lay on the ruler, saying. "I know you must be guilty of something or you would not flinch so when you see me coming."

Brother Jacob champions little George.

I recall one teacher who, as we stood up to spell just before the school was to be dismissed at night, had us call out our numbers, "first, second, third, etc.," so that we might know our places in the class the next day. My brother George's number was third. He was only a little fellow and could not speak plainly, but did as well as he could. He said: "thode." The teacher repeated:

"Say 'third.'" He repeated "thode," getting as near "third" as he could. So two or three times, the teacher, believing in the efficacy of punishment, said "Now if you say 'thode' again when I tell you to say 'third' I will whip you," and she stood ready with the rod. My eldest brother, Jacob, looking on with deep interest, sprang to his feet and went towards the teacher, saying: "Do not touch my little brother; he cannot speak plainly. He says 'third' as plainly as he can." The teacher did not touch him, but dismissed the class, nor did she say or do anything to Jacob. I think she was somewhat ashamed of herself. My eldest brother was a great defender and champion of his younger brothers and sisters.

I recall another scene in my early school days. A new teacher had come and was passing around, asking and taking the names of all the students. He asked my eldest brother his name. He answered: "Jacob P. Lamont;" and so on down until he came to my brother David, who, thinking that the name Lamont was becoming a little common and monotonous, answered, "David Lemon." He was teased a little afterwards by being called "David Lemon."

I remember in those days the measles were in the place, and one day in school I felt very sick. The teacher told me I might go home. I started and the distance home, not more than half a mile, was the longest and weariest half mile I ever traveled. I sat down frequently to rest, thinking that I never should get home. I broke out with the measles all over my body, and was soon well again. My brother George had them at the same time, and was exceedingly ill — came near dying. The measles never "came out," Mother said. He was a long time recovering and was one of the sickest children she ever knew.

There were from seven to eight months of school in the

year. A young man taught the winter term and a young woman the summer term. The teachers boarded around in the families of the district, staying in each family a week or more, according to the number of pupils sent to the school. I had no special fondness for study in those days, but I was exceedingly fond of reading anything that interested me, this little trait perhaps in part inherited from my mother. I did once or twice win the prize offered for speaking, as did also some of my brothers and sisters. Indeed, I recall the close of one winter term when all the prizes came into our family. From the age of twelve years I attended only the winter term of school, usually lasting about four months. Perhaps I had learned about all the young women teachers could impart to me. The wages, by the way, paid to the men teachers, were from \$10 to \$15 per month, and board; to the young women, from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per week, and board. Further, at about the age of twelve I was old enough to be quite useful in various ways on the farm.

So the winters passed until I was sixteen years old. I wrote a legible hand — much more so than I write to-day; had a fair knowledge of geography, American history, rhetoric, arithmetic, natural philosophy, and algebra to quadratic equations. From that time I either taught or attended some higher school until I was graduated from college.

Picture of the Lamont household.

The spirit of my father's family was one of industry, economy, kindness, cheerfulness, hospitality, liberality and godliness. My earliest memories of the farm are of driving with two of my elder brothers a herd of cows to pasture at some distance from the house, and then back to be milked at night; of bringing in wood and chips for the fire. In the summer there was a large open fireplace

at which cooking was done. It made a very cheerful blaze in the cool nights of the spring and early fall. Baking of biscuits, etc., was done before this fire in a large tin baker. There was a large outdoor oven for bread and pies. A large cookstove was used in the winter. Wood was abundant, and large quantities were used, as there was no motive for saving it, since in clearing the forests what was not used for cooking and heating the house we burned up in the fields to get it out of the way.

About as good a picture of my mother as need be can be found in Proverbs, 31st chapter, where Solomon gives us a portrait of "an excellent woman." Mother never "ate the bread of idleness," and the children were early taught to follow in her steps. We were trained very early to be helpful in some ways. Large quantities of apples were cut and dried in the autumn. The drying was sometimes done by spreading the peeled and quartered apples on boards and exposing them to the sun; but generally by stringing the prepared apples on coarse linen twine, about five feet in length, by the aid of a large needle, and then hanging the strings of apples near the fireplace, or by laying them on flat poles overhead near the kitchen ceiling. In a dry room such apples would stay preserved almost indefinitely. Enough apples were often thus dried to provide a large family with apple sauce and apple pies for a whole year, or until the next season came around. Also in the fall sweet apples were cut up and stewed in boiled cider made into a syrup, which would keep sweet through all the cold weather for perhaps six months. Mother would often fill a butter firkin with apple sauce thus prepared. Pumpkins were also prepared somewhat as apples were, by cutting them in large rings and stringing them on poles to dry overhead in the kitchen. Sometimes the pumpkin was boiled down into a thick paste and then

spread out in large, thin cakes to dry, and thus be preserved for the family use. Soaked in warm milk or water it was soon ready for use.

In all this work of preserving fruit, apples and pumpkins for the family, we little folks early learned to do our full share. Wild berries grew in abundance on my father's farm, beginning with strawberries in June and ending with blackberries which continued to ripen until the frosts came in the fall. Mother had her children pick berries all through the season, going out after school was dismissed at four o'clock and on the Saturdays when there was no school. The berries not eaten immediately on the table or made into pies were dried for future use. Large quantities were thus often stored up for winter, giving us a fair variety in our winter food.

In my boyhood a shoemaker with his kit of tools would come to the house and make boots and shoes for the entire family, Father providing all the materials needed. Sometimes the cobbler would come more than once in the year. A seamstress or tailoress would come and spend weeks at our house in the fall and spring and make clothes for the whole household for the year. Home-made woolen cloth, fullled at the mill, was our winter clothing, and blue jean was the material for trousers in the summer.

Farm work for the youngsters.

I early learned to do all kinds of work on the farm — to milk, to plant potatoes and corn, to hoe them and to dig the potatoes in the fall. When we were only little boys our work was to pick up the potatoes from the different rows. Father raised large quantities of potatoes, and sometimes, with the weather cool and frosty in the late fall, our fingers would get very cold picking them up. Big piles of potatoes were boiled and mixed with ground peas and oats and fed to the pigs in the fall

to fatten them. A large kettle, built into an arch, the kettle holding five or six bushels, was the place where the potatoes were boiled. It was our business to fill the great "potash" kettle, as it was called, build the fire and boil the potatoes. This was not very hard work, but in doing it we made ourselves very helpful. In haying and harvest time we helped to rake the hay and stow it away when it was pitched up in high sheds, where the air was almost stifling with the dust, while the summer sun was pouring down on the roof, making the place almost like an oven. The grain was usually stowed away on top of the hay mow, or on a light scaffold overhead.

Later I learned to mow, but I never became an adept in cradling grain, though I did learn to rake up and bind the grain into sheaves after it was cradled. We learned to plow and to harrow. My brother, George, and I plowed a great deal in the fall, when he was not more than ten and I than twelve years old. He would drive the oxen and I would hold the plow. We learned to thresh with a flail, to cut and draw logs of wood to be cut up for fuel for the fireplace and stove. I recall one spring after the school had closed there was quite a quantity of rye unthreshed in the barn, and Father gave George and me a "stunt," as it was called, to thresh fifty sheaves between us; then we could have the rest of the day to ourselves, until "chore time." We finished generally in a little more than half a day. The rest of the day we spent in reading Macaulay's "History of England," just published and placed in the district school library. At another time I remember reading Josephus' "History of the Jews," largely after my stunt was done.

We all had our share of the chores allotted to us, both in the summer and winter, caring for the horses and oxen, cleaning all the barns, and so on. I recall that for two or three winters it was my business to saw the wood

and split it for the large cookstove. The wood had been cut the previous winter into four-foot lengths and was well seasoned. I worked on that woodpile before and after school. Saturdays, when there was no school, I would get quite a large pile ahead for Sunday and for emergencies during the next week. I have never forgotten how to saw and split wood, but have never had much success in making my own sons realize what excellent exercise it is for the whole body, and how great an aid to digestion.

Early Spring among the sugar-maples.

The making of maple sugar was the thing that kept us all busy in the early spring, beginning soon after the winter school closed and lasting for a month or six weeks. The south side of the farm had an abundance of hard maple trees. Two sap bushes, as they were called, were worked by us boys. One bush was allotted to my eldest brother, Jacob and me, as assistant; the next bush was cared for by two other brothers, David and William. It was not very easy work. The sap had to be gathered and boiled down in large kettles until it was almost a syrup, then it was carried to the house and carefully strained through a cloth and allowed to settle, and then cleansed again before it was made into sugar. Some years 500 or 600 pounds of sugar were made. The sap was usually brought from the buckets or troughs into which it had run from the trees, in pails suspended from a sap-yoke worn on the shoulders. One of the compensations of attending a sap bush was that any one who cared for sweets could revel in them to his heart's content.

Another piece of farm work, attended to soon after the sugarmaking was finished for the season, was to clear the stones from the fields that were to be mowed in the summer. Four boys of us, David, William, George and I, would work together at this task. We would have

a yoke of oxen hitched to a stoneboat or sled and on it we piled the stones, going carefully over the entire field. Father would throw off the stones by the fence where a stone wall was to be laid. The greater part of the stone walls on the farm—and there were hundreds of rods of them—were made from the stones we boys drew in clearing the fields. This was fine, open-air work, just suited to growing boys.

Spelling bees in the old school-house.

The winters of my boyhood were not without their mild, innocent excitements. There were often spelling schools or “spelling matches,” when two neighboring schools would meet and sides would be chosen. The two camps would stand up on opposite sides of the school-house and spell against each other. When one person missed a word he sat down. The side that could stand up the longest won the contest.

There was usually a singing school during the winter, lasting from three to six months. It was held in the evening, gave the young people a good opportunity to get together and was greatly enjoyed. The Charlottesville and the Baptist Church neighborhood would sometimes unite and hire the same teacher, the schools being held on alternate week evenings in each neighborhood. We were very fond of the singing school. My sisters had naturally good voices and ears for music and learned to sing easily, but the boys of our family never learned music to any great extent.

Then there were debating schools held occasionally in the winter. There were two leaders in the debates, and each chose his own debaters. The judges were usually some elderly men of the community. Such questions as the following were often debated: “Should capital punishment be abolished?” “Which is the better team for a farmer to have on his place, horses or oxen?”

“Which affords to us the greater pleasure, anticipation or realization?”

I have been told that my grandfather Lamont was very fond of getting boys who were at his house for an evening to debate. He would say: “Boys, I do not wish you to spend a stupid evening. I will give you some question to debate that may sharpen your wits a little, and I will decide which is the better debater.” So he would give them some simple question to discuss, and the evening would thus pass pleasantly.

There were few holidays in my boyhood. The school was in session six days one week and five the next. The Saturdays when we had a holiday in the winter time were spent in drawing and cutting wood or threshing grain; in the summer time frequently in berry picking. New Year’s Day was generally observed in some way, while little was made of Christmas. I recall, however, that in some winters the Sunday-school gave an exhibition in the church on Christmas Eve, in which recitations, dialogues, singing, and the like were gone through in the usual manner. Nearly every pupil in the school took some part. Sometimes on New Year’s Day the young people in couples would take a long sleigh ride of ten or twelve miles, get a supper and return sometime in the evening. I recall that occasionally we were all invited to Grandfather Paine’s, with all our cousins, to spend the day. The Fourth of July was also generally well kept in Charlottesville, by a celebration. All the Sunday-schools of the surrounding region would be invited to be present. All crowded into the church and there were singing and one or two addresses, then an intermission during which all the children marched, two by two, to the sound of a fife and drum, under the orders of a marshal on horseback. The children were all treated to some cake and candy, then marched back to the church to listen to some patriotic addresses, and so the long, eagerly-

looked-for day ended. The parents and elders on such occasions usually treated themselves to a specially prepared dinner at the village hotel, as did also the young men, each taking his favorite girl. Sometimes we would all drive to Summit or South Worcester to take part in such a Fourth of July celebration. These celebrations created a good deal of wholesome excitement, and were talked about long afterwards. It was a great deprivation not to be able to attend them. I remember once Mother wished to attend, but could not think of taking the baby with her. I was persuaded to stay at home and take care of the baby on the promise that I should go to Albany with my father the next time he went to "the city." I think the baby was my sister Katherine.

My first visit to the City of Albany, in 1842.

When I was not yet ten years old, my father, according to the promise, took me with him to Albany. It was early in September. A dinner-box, according to the custom of that time, had been prepared, filled with chicken, bread, cake and pie, for our lunches each way. The trip was to take four days. We arose some time before daylight and had breakfast. I imagine that I did not eat very heartily. We reached Summit, five miles away, by daybreak. We drove on through Fulton to Bryceville, near which place we stopped at the house of Father's Aunt Betsy, Grandfather Lamont's sister. She had, when a young woman, been Father's school teacher. After the horses had rested awhile and eaten some hay and grain, we drove on over what was called the Tegasa-barrack hill, or rather mountain, and came down into the Schoharie valley in the region known as Vrooman's Land. The original owner of a large tract here was a Mr. Vrooman. It was a beautiful region, with broad, flat

or bottom lands, very fertile, with fine buildings and large orchards loaded with apples, the finest I had ever seen. There was also that prominent peak, known as "Vrooman's Nose," jutting out from the mountain, that arrested my attention. We went down that beautiful broad valley to Middleburgh, where we stopped for dinner and the rest of the day. The Democratic Convention was to meet there that afternoon, and Father was a delegate from his town. The convention met and organized. I did not go in, as I was not interested. Father came out occasionally to look after me. I got up into the wagon and probably fell asleep, awakening sometime early in the afternoon, feeling very ill at my stomach. The food, the early rising, the hot sun and my continued gazing at the scenery had upset me. My father was called out of the convention and a very kind old colored woman, working in the kitchen of the hotel, brought me a preparation of some kind, with a strong taste of camphor, to drink. I swallowed it, my stomach was soon settled and I was all right for the rest of my journey.

After a supper at the hotel Father took me into the convention with him and I think I lay down in one corner on a lounge and slept all the evening. Later the convention adjourned and Father got out the team and we drove on down the valley through Schoharie village to a tavern then known as "Yankee Pete's," perhaps seven miles from Middleburgh. The barroom or reception room presented a novel sight with a lot of slippers hung up on nails. The custom was for the guests, mainly farmers on their way to market, to pull off their boots and put on a pair of slippers and go to bed, leaving their boots behind. We went upstairs to a room with several beds, and I slept pretty soundly. We drove on the next day over the Helderburg mountain, through Quaker Street, Duanesburg, and then on the great

Western Turnpike, as it was called, to Albany, arriving there early in the afternoon.

First sight of a railroad train.

From a high hill above the city, I had my first sight of a locomotive engine drawing some cars. It was on the line of the Albany & Schenectady railroad, the tracks having since been changed. Near the same place we were halted and a dozen men swarmed around, asking what produce Father had to sell. They were then called "runners," and were the agents of merchants in the city. Father had inquired along the road the going price of the things he had for sale, and so was in a position to trade intelligently. Entering the city I was completely amazed and gazed with open-eyed wonder at the Court House, the old City Hall, the Capitol and all the fine houses we passed as we drove to the place where our goods were to be delivered. Such fine houses, and so compactly built together, I had never dreamed of.

By the time we were unloaded and the settlement for Father's produce had been made it was night, and Father drove back to a hotel on Washington street, kept by a Mr. Loucks, an acquaintance of Father's, where we got supper and remained for the night. The next morning Father did a great deal of shopping of one kind or another. He took me into what was then called "The Museum," showed me over a steamboat and I saw any number of canal boats and sloops, for sloops were still largely employed in carrying freight on the river. These were all entirely new sights to me, a little country boy. We started homeward after dinner and drove as far as Central Bridge, staying over night there. The road to Albany at that time had plenty of hotels or taverns, as they were then called, scattered all along the way. We returned by way of Cobleskill instead of Schoharie. I

remember the long climb of five miles from the valley of the Cobleskill creek to Summit. We had quite a load, so Father walked up the hills and I drove the team. We did not reach home until some time after dark on the fourth day. I was a very tired, sleepy boy by that time and glad enough to get to bed. I had seen a great deal and had enough to talk about for months afterwards. A new world had been opened to me. Seventy years have rolled around since that memorable trip, yet I can remember the events of those four days as if they had been only yesterday.

Training of the State Militia.

A holiday which came early in September was the "Company Training Day" of the state militia. We always attended and greatly enjoyed the martial music. Still later there was what was called the "General Training," when all the militia of several towns would meet at some central point, forming a brigade, and perhaps the major-general and always the brigadier and officers of lower rank would take command. The place regarded as most central for that part of Schoharie County was Jefferson, seven miles over the hills to the south of Charlotteville. We looked forward to this trip as one of the greatest occasions of the entire year. We arose very early and spent the whole day. To us boys was given a small sum of money which we could spend as we pleased. Crowds of people were present and peddlers with their wares. "Yankee notions" were sold at auction, fruit, ginger-bread and the like were hawked about and dinners could be had at various booths. Once my brother George heard a man selling things at auction and put in a bid for a dozen teaspoons. They were struck off to him at a low figure and he made a good bargain. It was generally quite dark by the time we reached home, a company of very tired boys; but we had had a good

time and it had been a great day for us. These were all the holidays of our boyhood and we were satisfied.

Current Literature in 1840.

As I have said, we all had at least the average boy's fondness for reading, but of course books for children in my boyhood were not very numerous in the region of Charlottesville, nor anywhere else for that matter. There was a post-office in the place, established a good while before I was born. There was a weekly mail, carried sometimes on horseback, but generally in a one-horse wagon. The mail went through to Davenport on one day and returned the next. Not many weekly papers were in circulation. My father always took the Methodist Church paper, *The Christian Advocate and Journal*. In it I found little to interest me. Another paper my father took was the *Weekly Albany Argus*, which I read eagerly for its general news. It was a strongly partisan Democratic paper, advocating the election of James K. Polk as against Henry Clay, and the annexation of Texas and the righteousness of the Mexican war. Of that war I read all the news that came to hand. There also came into our family, by way of exchange with some of the neighbors, *The Philadelphia Saturday Courier* and *Neal's Saturday Gazette*. These two papers were mainly filled with cheap stories by T. S. Arthur, Caroline and George Lippard, who wrote "Legends of the Revolution," Lee Hents, and the like, but they were very interesting to me. Then there was the *Sunday School Advocate*, which began to be published early in "the forties," which I also eagerly read. There was also a scanty Sunday-school library. Then, too, there was the School District library, provided by the State; from which only one book might be drawn by a family at one time.

From this library I became quite familiar with the

"History of the United States," the "Life of George Washington," the "Colonial and Indian Wars," the "History of the Jews," by Josephus, the "History of England," and Fox's "Book of Martyrs." Not many monthly magazines were published. Occasionally I saw *Graham's Magazine*, published in Philadelphia. I do not recall any other.

Lawlessness in the rent riots.

In my boyhood, from the years 1843 to 1845, there was carried on what has since been called the "Anti-Rent War." Charlotteville was not the theater of this war but it was in that region, and our village shared in the general excitement. Farms had been purchased in Albany, Schoharie and parts of Delaware Counties, subject to an annual lease or small rent. The agitation began for the purpose of getting the lands with a clear title, encumbered no longer with a lease and yearly rent. This object was perfectly legitimate, but the agitation degenerated into forms of lawlessness and disorder. Bands of armed men in the disguise of Indians were present at the anti-rent meetings. We boys attended one such meeting in the Dugway meeting house about two and one-half miles away, where large numbers of disguised men were present, hooting and yelling after the Indian fashion. There was no leased land about Charlotteville, but some neighbors joined in the anti-rent movement, hoping in some way, perhaps, to escape paying their indebtedness on the lands for which they had contracted. The excitement continued until a deputy-sheriff, by the name of Steele, was shot in the town of Andes, Delaware County, where he was trying to force the sale of a man's cattle in order to compel him to pay his debts. The whole region was greatly agitated, hundreds were arrested in Delaware County, which was put for a time under martial law and declared by the gov-

ernor to be in rebellion. There were a great many criminal trials at Delhi; several were convicted of murder and sentenced to be hung. These sentences were changed by the governor to imprisonment for life. The men were pardoned after a few years, none serving a full term.

About four miles from our place a deputy-sheriff was tarred and feathered in the winter time, while attempting to serve some papers on a delinquent landholder. The scene for several years was called "Tar Hollow." After the criminal proceedings in Delhi the excitement died down. A law was passed forbidding the wearing of disguises. The landlords also came to be willing to sell their land and give a clear title.

I recall that during this excitement John Jeffers, a loud-mouthed talker in my father's employ, was caught one day by a band of the so-called Indians who threatened him and made him leap up and down, shouting: "Down with the rent!" The Lamonts about Charlotteville had no sympathy with this lawless movement. My Grandfather Lamont, to whom was due, not back rent but back payments for land purchased from Gerrit Smith, whose agent Grandfather was for that region, was threatened. As the old man, then in poor health, sat on his porch one day when a load of disguised men rode by, whooping and shouting and holding up a tar bucket, he shook his cane at them, saying: "Be off, you calico devils!" My father, as perhaps I have said elsewhere, about this time was urged to accept the nomination for the State legislature for Schoharie County. I have no doubt that he would have been nominated and elected, but for the fact that it was well-known that he was opposed to the lawlessness of the anti-rent movement. One who apparently sympathized with the rioters, Seymour Boughton, was nominated and elected.

Sunday was a very long day.

Charlotteville, in my boyhood, was a very religious community. There was the Sunday-school organized by my father, to which I was taken, I cannot remember how early. Then the Church catechism was taught in the home as well as at church. We were expected to learn and recite at least six new Bible verses each week. I was in a class of four or five boys, among whom was my brother George. Our teacher, David Morris, offered a new jackknife as a prize to the boy who would recite the most verses in a given time. I won the knife. There was always the Sunday morning preaching service in the church which we attended, even when very small boys. Then there was a Sunday afternoon or Sunday evening prayer-meeting, usually led by my father; also a week-evening prayer-meeting on Thursday night, held in the schoolhouse or in some home. My earliest recollections are of one held in our house, right opposite the church; of the loud singing in which Charles Gorse, the school teacher, took a leading part. My father's house was always the temporary home of the itinerants, that is, the traveling Methodist ministers. I recall one, O. G. Hedstrom. He would, almost as soon as he entered the house, walk back and forth in the room singing very heartily and rubbing and clapping his hands. When we were outdoors playing, his hearty singing would announce to us little folks his presence. Then there was the old-fashioned "Quarterly Meeting," when the house would be crowded to overflowing for a night or two by those who had come from a distance. Sometimes, to make more room for these guests, we little people were taken to Grandfather Paine's to stay for a few days, which pleased us very much. Such was the open-hearted and open-handed hospitality of my father and mother

that it led one of my father's neighbors in those days to say to my grandfather Lamont: "Mr. Lamont, those Methodists will eat your son Thomas out of house and home; you would better caution him." Whether my grandfather cautioned Father or not I do not know, but my father spoke of it pleasantly in after days, saying: "I have kept on in my old way, but never yet have wanted for a house and home."

Plenty of preachers right at home.

Two occasions I recall when one preacher for a part of a year and another for a whole year lived at my father's, almost wholly as a guest. The ministers who were such frequent guests were simple, good men, and no doubt their influence on the family was religiously wholesome.

Though during these early years I attended church, I recall no sermons, though I do recall that some of the preachers spoke and prayed with great vehemence, and I got the impression in some way that the one who spoke the loudest was the greatest preacher. On one occasion I remember a man by the name of Occumpaugh, an exhorter, had spoken with more than the usual loudness all through. Though I probably had not understood a word he had spoken, I told Mother on my return home what a wonderful preacher I had heard. She corrected me, telling me that loudness of speech was no sign of ability. When somewhat older I recall two ministers, the Rev. Eben S. Hebbard and the Rev. Adi Lee, who impressed me as being able preachers, and I listened to their discourses. In the spring of 1843 four of us brothers, David, William, George and I, united with the Methodist Church. My brother Jacob and sister Lucy, both older than we four, had joined the Church some time before.

Jacob goes out into the world.

My eldest brother, Jacob, married Elizabeth R. Hinman on March 9, 1848. She was a most excellent woman, somewhat older than himself, well educated, a graduate of Cazenovia Seminary. She had taught school for about a year in Charlotteville, where my brother became acquainted with her, in fact, attended her school a part of the time. A tribute, in passing, to this excellent brother, Jacob: He was all an elder brother could be to us; always kind, never domineering, ever helpful and very affectionate. He taught school for four winters before his marriage, beginning when he was only seventeen years old, twice in the same district in Worcester, about three miles from home. As soon as he was married he went from home to live with his father-in-law, Amos Hinman, on a large farm about three miles from Oneonta. He was taken into partnership on the farm and soon bought one-half of it. The Hinmans were old acquaintances of our family, of good standing in every way. My brother was really too young to marry, but I suppose that Father and Mother felt that if he must marry so soon in all probability he would never find a woman that would make a more excellent wife. We all felt badly when Jacob left home; we all had as great affection for him as he for us. I recall the morning—how tenderly Father prayed and how much affected he and Mother were. We greatly missed brother Jacob when he was gone and enjoyed his visits when he came home, which was every few months at least.

My sister Lucy was married in October of the same year to Simeon Lape of our own town of Summit. He was the eldest son of Samuel Lape, who owned a large farm in the neighborhood of the Lutheran church. He proved to be an excellent, kind husband. After their marriage they always lived not far from Charlotteville.

Of my sister Lucy I cannot speak too highly. She had the good traits of both my father and mother combined. No sister could be more kind than she, from my earliest recollections until the time of her death in October, 1896. She never had any children, but being the eldest daughter in the family and having a most motherly heart she adopted all her brothers and sisters as her own. The world has been to me much poorer during the years she has been gone. I have not time now to write of these dear brothers and sisters as they deserve and as it is my desire to do. I may write further at some future time, though I can never do them justice.

Four youths ambitious to teach.

Four of us brothers had advanced in our studies as far as we could in the common school during the winter of 1848-49. We all felt that we should like to teach, as the custom was then for young men of fair attainments. What was called a select school was kept in Charlottesville in the fall for a few weeks by William Gorse. A number of youths attended, for he was a superior teacher. Among his pupils were the four of us. We worked hard and brushed up our studies in the common English branches so as to be able to pass examinations and receive school certificates. My brother David secured a school in Jefferson village, about seven miles from home; my brother William secured my brother Jacob's old school in the Harnacker valley in Worcester; my brother George, only fifteen years old, a little later was sought as a teacher in the same town in a neighborhood called Briar Hill. I will say to his credit that, young as he was, he was quite as successful as any of us. My brother Jacob secured for me a school on Davenport Hill, about two miles south of his home, at the rate of \$10 per month and board. I was not seventeen years old when

the school was engaged for me. In October I was examined as to scholarship and fitness to teach by the school inspector, a Mr. Metcalf. He gave me a certificate which is somewhere in my old papers to-day, dated in October, 1849.

I began work about November 1st of that year. The schoolhouse, which was an old, unpainted structure, stood at four corners. I remained there as teacher for about four months, being the winter term, with no great amount of satisfaction to myself, however it may have been with the patrons of the school. It was what may be called a "hard school." There were about forty students, many of them boys and some of them older and larger than myself. The trouble was not in the teaching, for I was quite at home in all I was required to teach, but in keeping proper order. But I managed to get along in some way and get through, using the rod very sparingly when it seemed necessary. I boarded around the neighborhood; always slept in cold rooms and in some very poor houses — in some cases log houses. My lunch was always brought to me with the children's dinner, and it usually consisted of rye bread and butter, cake, pie, and sometimes cold pancakes! I kindled my own fires and the wood was always unseasoned. Each family furnished a load or two of wood, according to the number of pupils sent from that home, and sometimes the wood supply would get very low.

Tiled bathrooms were scarce.

I suffered greatly from homesickness that winter among strangers. In order to wash I always had to go out into the kitchen or woodshed — sometimes outdoors. Of course the water was always cold and the soap was "soft" and home-made. I was glad enough at the end of the week to walk over the hills to spend the time until Monday with my brother Jacob's family. I never can

be sufficiently grateful to my brother and his good wife, who always made me so welcome in their home. It seemed almost like a paradise.

It was with relief that I finally closed my work on Davenport Hill. I have visited the place but once since and that was in the summer after I had closed my school. Yet there were some good, kind people there whom I shall never forget. The coldest ride, it seems to me, that I ever had was from Charlotteville to my brother's, twenty-two miles down the valley. I had driven home in a carriage with Delos Hinman, a boy about my own age, a brother of my brother Jacob's wife, to spend the holidays. A heavy snow had fallen; the weather had changed and become bitterly cold. On the morning we started a fierce wind blew up from the north. I drove all the way, facing the wind sweeping up the valley. We stopped three times to get warm—at South Worcester, East Davenport and Davenport Center, else we should have perished. We were nearly the whole day in making the twenty-two miles. I froze the tips of my ears and the ends of my fingers so that the skin all peeled off. Otherwise I took no harm. I have no doubt that the hard experience of that winter was good for me and taught me some lessons, especially in the knowledge of human nature. I was too diffident to enjoy much society of any kind, especially that on Davenport Hill.

Four brothers of us worked on Father's farm all the season of 1850. The last hard work that I did, I remember, was to harrow in, with a yoke of oxen, quite a large field of new land just sown down to winter rye. The field was full of stumps and roots and some stones, so that it was no child's play.

Opening of Charlotteville Seminary.

About the first of November the New York Conference Seminary at Charlotteville was opened for students.

The school, as I have said before, was overcrowded, enrolling in all not far from two hundred and fifty or three hundred students. The opening of this school marked an epoch in my life. Large numbers of young men of about my age in the region of Charlottesville, entered as students during the first term. Five were enrolled from our family — David, William, George, Elizabeth and myself. I believe we were all eager to make the most of our opportunity. During the first term of twenty-two weeks I studied higher algebra, geometry, Wayland's moral philosophy, Latin and rhetoric, though not all of them at the same time. The next term I added Greek and in Latin read Cæsar. I remember my brother George was in the geometry class with me. I do not now recall any other classes.

Of the teachers, John C. Ferguson of Union College I regarded as the most thorough. He taught geometry. In saying this I would not disparage the others, among whom was Mr. Flack and my cousin, William Lamont Wood. Not much was done in the way of writing compositions, but we were expected to declaim once in four weeks. Friday afternoon was the time for the declamations and the reading of the compositions by the young women students. The school was divided into four sections. A literary society called "The Wesleyan Association" was formed, which, I think, we all joined. This was helpful to me in some ways, especially in learning to debate. Sometimes every quarter, and at least once every term, a public debate was held in the chapel, sometimes in the church, to which the public was invited. In one of the later terms, perhaps the second year, my brother George was president and I had the oration, such as it was. Another time I recall a public debate in which I was assigned a leading part. The question was: "Is a republican or a monarchical form of government the better for mankind?" I had the affirmative.

Other literary societies were formed in a term or two—"The Philomathean" and the "Theta Phi." Alonzo Flack, the principal, displayed much ability during these early days of the Seminary. He was at that time a deeply religious man, was unassuming, and seemed sounder in his ideas than he was in later life.

Hunting for new schools to teach.

My brothers, David and William, did not attend the Seminary after the first term, but entered the mercantile business with my father. My brother George and I continued more or less steadily at the Seminary until we entered college. I attended right along for two years, dropping out a few weeks in midseason to help in haying and harvest. In the fall of 1852 my brother George and I decided that we should like to try teaching again. In the hope of getting a better salary than was paid at that time in the region of our home, and being invited by some friends, we took one of Father's horses and drove down into Ulster County. We drove through Gilboa, stopping there for dinner, then on through Prattsville, Lexington and the "deep cut" to Shandaken Center, where we stayed all night. The next evening we reached Rosendale, the home of William Webster, a former student who had invited us. He took us about the country for about a week. We engaged positively, as we thought, one school at Stone Ridge and another tentatively. But in some way there was a slip-up and neither of us taught in Ulster County.

Brother George taught that winter in Gansevoort, Saratoga County, about fifty miles north of Albany, and I was invited to take charge of the Stamford Academy, an institution perhaps ten years old, twelve miles south of Charlotteville. I was twenty years old when the term

opened about the middle of October. My brother George drove me over to my place of work. There were fifty pupils — too many for me to teach properly and I secured as my assistant my cousin Kate E. Lamont, afterwards the wife of Bishop Hurst. Cousin Kate taught the smaller pupils and I had charge of the elder ones. I taught almost everything from higher arithmetic, algebra and philosophy to Latin. I was at Stamford about five months. My salary was \$20 per month and my board. I enjoyed teaching in Stamford much better than in Davenport Hill. I went home occasionally, usually walking five miles over the hills to Jefferson where someone from home would meet me and I would drive the remaining seven miles, always getting back to Stamford in time to open the Academy on Monday mornings, by starting from home about three o'clock, long before daylight. It was a long, cold drive in the winter time. Brother David took me over at one time and Austin at another.

While I enjoyed teaching in Stamford, I had not a particularly pleasant boarding place. I was with a family by the name of McKillup, the village blacksmith. For supper Mrs. McKillup gave us a great deal of dry, raw codfish. The advantage to me of the winter in Stamford was a very thorough drill which, in teaching, I gave myself in higher arithmetic, algebra and natural philosophy and some other important studies. Stamford is near the head waters of the west branch of the Delaware river. It is very high, the mountains lofty and the scenery beautiful. No wonder that it has become popular for summer! There was only one church in the place at that time, a union church. The Presbyterians occupied it in the morning, the Methodists in the afternoon once in two weeks and the Baptists in the evening. I returned home and entered the Charlotte-

ville Seminary again in May. It was my last term there. I should in all probability have entered some college in the fall, but my father's death early in June changed my plans. I was invited to return to Stamford in the fall to take charge of the Academy for another term, but I declined.

A trip to far-a-way New York City.

In the fall of 1853, when my brother William went to New York to purchase a stock of goods for the store which he and David were running, I went with him. It was the year of the "World's Fair," as it was called, the great Crystal Palace Exhibition in New York City. The newspapers had been full of it and I had a natural desire to see it. We took a night steamboat from Albany, my first ride in a boat of that kind, and it seemed like a floating palace. Owing to fog we did not reach New York until nearly noon the next day. I had at this time become somewhat familiar with Albany, but New York seemed very unlike it—so full of noise and bustle. We stopped at a hotel down town at which Father used to stay. The next day I went to the Crystal Palace, riding up on the horse cars recently introduced into New York. It was a long ride—the Palace was at that time considered away up town if not out of town. There was a long stretch of country not built up at all between the Palace and the city proper. I need not dwell upon the exhibition; it was very interesting to me, but of course vastly inferior to many held since. We also visited Barnum's Museum, one of the great attractions of New York at that time; saw the play "Uncle Tom's Cabin," then very popular, having a run of many weeks. The book had been published only a year or two before and had created a great sensation. On Sunday we attended the John Street Methodist church, which was near our

hotel. It was built on the foundation of the first Methodist church built in America, and I had read a great deal about it. The Rev. Hiram Mattison preached in the morning a most excellent sermon that made a deep impression on me. He at that time was supplying the Church, which was still regarded as a strong one. In the evening I heard the venerable Rev. Dr. Nathan Bangs, the Presiding Elder of the New York District, of whom I had read a great deal.

After a few days I tired of New York and so returned without waiting for William. I came back to Albany by way of the Harlem Railroad. Thus I had my first railroad ride, a distance of about 160 miles. The cars started at that time from a station away downtown. We arrived in Albany early in the evening, having started not far from three o'clock in the afternoon. The next day I took the stage for Charlotteville, having been away from home nearly two weeks.

In the Seminary at Fort Plain.

But I will return to my hopes for teaching school that autumn. A large seminary was to be opened in Fort Plain in November in which Mr. Flack had an interest, and he engaged my cousin, Wellington Lamont, and me to be teachers, at the rate of \$200 per year and everything found. The seminary opened about the middle of November, under the principalship of the Rev. Joseph E. King, a man admirably adapted to the place. Next to him in authority were two graduates of Middlebury College, Vermont. The school was overcrowded the first term with at least three hundred students, much like the Charlotteville students, except that many more were the descendants of Germans, the original settlers of the Mohawk valley. Professor King was a good scholar, a superior preacher and speaker and an excellent organizer. While he remained the Seminary greatly prospered.

For six hours every day I taught classes in arithmetic, algebra, grammar, elementary Greek and Latin. During the year I was at Fort Plain I studied a great deal at night, reading Euripides and some other Greek authors, preparatory to entering Union College at the end of the school year. My cousin, Wellington, and I roomed together and agreed well.

There were four or five churches in Fort Plain. The Rev. John P. Newman was the pastor of the Methodist Church. He was a noble-looking young man, of fine presence and great promise. He had studied at Cazenovia Academy but had been graduated from no college. He studied hard, had a fair voice, was an excellent singer, but at that time he was far from being an interesting preacher, though popular with his congregation. He frequently called on us and I became well acquainted with him. He was attentive to Miss Ensign, one of the Fort Plain teachers who had come over from Charlotteville with us, and who ultimately became his wife. He achieved a reputation as a speaker, was chaplain of the United States Senate for several years, became General Grant's pastor and finally was elected a Bishop of the Methodist Church. But he never excited my excessive admiration.

In the summer of 1854 my cousin, Wellington, and I attended the Commencement of Union College, which was also the semi-centennial of Dr. Nott's presidency of the college. We heard Wendell Phillips deliver an oration before the literary societies of the college. He was a noble, fine-looking man and a finished speaker, both in diction and manner. There was a large gathering of the alumni of the college. Among the various speakers whom I recall were Dr. Francis Wayland, president of Brown University; Bishop Alonzo Potter of Pennsylvania; his son, Henry C. Potter, later Bishop of New York; Bishop Upfold, of Indiana. The one-

hundredth anniversary of Dr. Nott's installation as president is being celebrated almost as I write these words.

Long vigils at a brother's bedside.

Our year in Fort Plain ended about the last of October. I went home, intending to go to Union College as soon as I could. My brother George had entered the college as a sophomore in September. He had visited me in Fort Plain and I had also visited him at Union. At his last visit he did not seem at all well. He had engaged to teach his old school in Gansevoort for the winter term and soon went up there and opened his school. In Union College the academic year was so arranged that students could teach during a few of the winter months, with an absence from the college, easily catching up and passing the examinations in the spring. My brother had taught perhaps two weeks when he was prostrated with typhoid fever which had recently been somewhat prevalent at the college. Mother and my brother David at once went to Gansevoort to care for him. They found him very ill and quite unconscious. They soon wrote home for Dr. William Lamont, my uncle, to come at once. I started with him about one o'clock the next morning and after seeing him well on his way returned home very tired. I was there only a few hours when I was summoned to take the place of David who had to return to business.

I found George unconscious. He seemed to hover a long time between life and death. For weeks Mother and I took turns at watching with him at night, and but for Mother's constant, careful nursing, night and day, he would have died. We remained with him until after the holidays, when the doctor said we might start for home with him. It was a long, hard journey, winding up with a stage ride of fifty-five miles on a cold

winter day. We reached home about eight o'clock in the evening. George stood the journey exceedingly well for one so weak, but was so exhausted and withal so overcome with joy that, when he got into the house, he wept like a little child. Poor fellow, perhaps he had hardly expected ever to see his home again! Almost every place and situation, however trying, afford some compensation. During those dreary, dark days and nights of watching with my brother I read six books of Homer's *Odyssey* in the original.

A student at Union College.

George did not return to the college until the next spring, but as soon as we had him safe at home I hastened back to Schenectady. My cousin, Wellington, had already entered the college and taken a room for us. The rooms were furnished with nothing but a stove to burn wood, Dr. Nott's invention. Everything else, including fuel, was to be furnished by the student. I did not find the examination a very difficult ordeal. In the classics it was found that I had read the requirements for the second term, junior year. I was then required to read certain passages from Latin and Greek authors. The Latin was easy enough under Prof. Newman, and I was equally fortunate when I came before Dr. Taylor Lewis in the Greek. He called on me to translate some passages from Euripides, then handed me Homer's *Odyssey*, marking two or three places for me to read and translate; then he asked me to parse some and give the derivation of some of the words. I was quite at home in these authors as I had but recently read them, and he immediately gave me a certificate that I had passed a satisfactory examination in his department. Brought before Professor Jackson of the Mathematical Department, I had understood that Conic Sections were regarded as an equivalent to

Spherical Trigonometry. He said he could not accept that but passed me in everything else, conditioning me in that study, which I duly passed later on. I called on the president, the venerable Dr. Nott, at that time eighty-four years old. He treated me very kindly, calling me "my son." He gave me a note to the registrar and I was enrolled as a member of the class of 1856.

Not members of the fast set at Union.

Cousin Wellington and I bought a little more furniture, some second-hand chairs and a table, and we were duly installed in our room, which was in the North College, on the second floor. I could easily find it to-day. In those days cord-wood was brought in from the country and sold to the students. We hired someone to saw and split it, but usually brought it up to the rooms ourselves. An Irishman was the janitor of our hall. He looked after our rooms and things were not, as one may well imagine, over-clean or dainty. There were the College Commons where board could be had for \$1.25 per week; but the students could board anywhere they chose, provided the boarding place was approved by the college authorities. We first boarded in town with a Mrs. White, where a large number of students boarded, many of them from Charlotteville, acquaintances of ours. The cost of board was \$1.50 per week. Mrs. White's was about half a mile from the college. The food was fair but I suffered a great deal from indigestion, a trouble that came upon me while at Fort Plain. We finally got board with the Misses Sherwood, a full mile from the college, at the rate of \$2.00 per week. There were not so many students there and the table was somewhat better. The chief advantage was that I was compelled to walk at least six miles a day to my meals, alone, to say nothing of other walking, increasing it very often to seven

or eight miles a day. This exercise in the open air greatly relieved me of my indigestion. About \$2.00 per week was the highest price paid for table board by the students in my time, and \$300 was considered a fair allowance in those days for the expenses of a year at Union College. Expensive habits were not encouraged. The students were generally of moderate means and obliged to practice economy.

At that time Union College had an attendance of about three hundred students. It was the most popular college in the State, and in New England only Harvard and Yale exceeded it in members. Just contrary to what it is to-day, the senior class was usually the largest and the freshman the smallest. The class I entered numbered about one hundred, and about ninety were graduated. There were some elective studies, especially in engineering and the sciences, but there were very few elective studies in the regular classical course which one must complete to receive the degree of A. B.; the others secured the degree of C. E. or B. S. The majority of the students were in the regular classical course. The popularity of Union at this time, a college only sixty years old, was largely due to Dr. Nott, who had been its successful president for fifty years, raising it from a very feeble plant to a highly prosperous condition. During a period from 1825 to 1840 Dr. Nott made it the most popular college in the United States, being then in advance of Harvard and Yale in the number of its students. But it was not so when I was enrolled. Dr. Nott had a wide reputation for his wisdom and skill in managing young men. He had a kind, fatherly method, understood human nature, especially the nature of youth. Young men who had failed in college elsewhere, or had, for some misdemeanor, been sent home, came to Union and Dr. Nott in some way inspired them to begin anew. Thus he succeeded in re-

storing a good many and saving not a few who might otherwise have been hopeless wrecks. Few men, I believe, have accomplished more good than did Dr. Nott. Mrs. Nott, a very strong character, was a very worthy helpmeet to him in this work. No American college up to that date ever had an abler president or one who better commanded the unqualified respect of all the students. In my time the undergraduates did not come directly under Dr. Nott's instruction until the senior year.

Pen pictures of the faculty members.

Dr. Laurens P. Hitchcock, the vice-president, had the department of mental science and political economy. He had written a series of text-books for his department, except in political economy. He was a strong man in his special line and was generally liked by the students. Perhaps the best scholar in the faculty was Dr. Taylor Lewis, at the head of the Greek department. He had the reputation of being in his knowledge of Greek the equal, if not the superior, of Dr. Theodore Woolsey, the president of Yale College. There was little in ancient literature, especially Greek, that was not at his tongue's end. He was an excellent instructor, made whatever author we were studying most interesting, and the hour in his class was always short. He was a man greatly to be admired. He was an alumnus of Union College of the class of 1820. Dr. Hickock and William H. Seward were members of the same class.

Then there was Professor Jackson at the head of the mathematical and astronomical department. He was the author of several text-books used in the college. He was an able scholar in his line but not so able a teacher. He was called "Captain Jack," perhaps for the reason that whenever there was a call for a procession of the students or of the alumni of the college at Commencement time he always marshaled the procession. There

was a very large park or garden back of the college and belonging to it, beautifully and tastefully laid out, under the care of Professor Jackson and called by the students "Captain Jack's garden."

One of the ablest teachers in Union was Dr. John Foster, head of the department of physics. He was called by the students "Jack Foster." He was a natural teacher, very thorough — there was no chance of shirking or half-way work in his department. He never passed around the class in any regular order, though all were called up sooner or later. He kept every member of the class alert. He never called upon the student he was looking at. He tested the quickness and promptness of the students in his department in this manner. If one did not arise quickly and answer without a moment's hesitation, it was counted a failure and another was called up.

Then there was Professor John Newman, at the head of the Latin department, a fair scholar but not a remarkable teacher; a worthy, kind-hearted, good man for whom I had great respect and remember as a friend. There was Professor Gillespie, at the head of the department of civil engineering, to whom I did not recite, who raised his department to a good deal of importance. There were one or two tutors who worked with the lower classes. These constituted the faculty of the college in my time.

College customs sixty years ago.

The examinations were held at the end of every term and were generally written. Daily prayers were held in the chapel morning and evening, except Saturday and Sunday mornings. The morning prayers were at seven o'clock both summer and winter; the evening prayers at five o'clock. In the winter at the time of the morning prayers it was hardly light. The young men would

scamper across the campus from the North College to the South, where the prayers were held, hurrying into their coats as they ran. Dr. Hickock usually conducted the morning prayers; Dr. Nott the evening. There was no music of any kind, only the reading of a chapter from the Bible and prayer. We had a recitation immediately after morning prayers and before breakfast. The rule of the college was very strict as to attendance at prayers and the roll was usually called. We all had our seats — the two higher classes on the first floor, the two lower upstairs. When the roll was not called we were marked by a tutor. The absentees were then called the next evening to visit the president and give their excuse, if they had one; to be admonished and fined if they had none. Absence from recitation was also a serious matter. Fines of from five to ten cents were inflicted for these absences with a strong caution against repetition. When the name of someone who had been absent was called out in chapel at evening prayer, he usually made light of it, saying: "I am invited to take tea with the old Prex to-night." We could choose our church, but if at times we attended elsewhere occasionally it was regarded as no offense. On Monday a professor or tutor made inquiry of every student as to his church attendance the preceding day and marked him accordingly.

All the leading Churches were represented in Schenectady, the two strongest and most popular being the Reformed Dutch and the Presbyterian. The majority of the students attended these two. While Union College was undenominational the most of the professors and their families attended one of these two churches. Dr. Nott was a Presbyterian minister, stood high in the councils of that Church and the prevailing tone of the college was Presbyterian. I heard Dr. Nott preach a few times; he was almost too feeble to attempt any great effort. There was a large Methodist church in the city

and there were many students of Methodist parentage in the college, but not more than half a dozen attended that church regularly and only one professor, Dr. John Newman. The pastor of the Church during my time was Merritt Bates. He was a good man but not remarkable as a preacher. He was a very fiery abolitionist and could hardly preach a sermon without dragging in the slavery question. Many of the congregation were Democrats and did not wish so much "abolition preaching," as they termed it. Mr. Bates had become what is called in our time a "crank" on the slavery question. There were three services every Sabbath in the Methodist church and I usually attended two of them. In the Presbyterian church a Dr. Backus was pastor. A good many young men preparing for the Presbyterian ministry always attended that church. A Dr. Seelye, afterwards for a good many years the successful president of Amherst College and a Member of Congress, a nephew of Dr. Hickock, was the most popular preacher in the place. His church was quite heavily endowed.

The students of Union were gathered largely from New York State, but nearly all the Northern States were represented. Quite a number were from Maine, some from Kentucky and from the South as far as South Carolina.

As a rule there was little hazing. I recall only one case — a young man from Pennsylvania, not a freshman, who had made himself offensive by showing great egotism. He was taken out one night to be initiated, as he supposed, into a select secret society. He was not handled very roughly but he learned a lesson in modesty which he much needed. A good college is an excellent place to take all the needless conceit out of a young man, discipline him in many ways and make him know his own proper level. This is one, and not the least, of the

benefits of a college course. A bright young man in his own family or neighborhood, or in a small preparatory school, is often looked up to as a kind of oracle. In a college, with scores of young men his equals, if not his superiors in every way, after a little he learns not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly — a great advantage to him in life.

Before the craze for athletics.

There were, properly speaking, no "athletics" in my day in Union College. The students got their exercise in walking, bathing and swimming in the Mohawk in the summer, and in the old-fashioned football on the campus between the two colleges — North college against the South. I was always glad to take part in this game; while it was spirited it was not rough or dangerous, nor did it require great skill. We took our places on each side at a point halfway between the colleges and by the toss of a penny decided which side should have the first kick at the ball. The side that drove the other back to its college was the victor. All the students of the two colleges were invited to the play; each to help his own college. I do not remember that any one ever received an injury in the game. We would get very healthfully warmed up. Repeated games were played the same afternoon.

There were two literary societies in the college to one or the other of which the majority of the students belonged. I joined the Adelphic whose rooms were in the North college. It had quite a large library. Not very much interest was displayed in the exercises of the society, which were held on Saturday mornings. I took my turn in the debates and other exercises when appointed. Then there was the "Senate," made up of the members of the two upper classes. Their business, debates and the like were supposed to be conducted like

those of the United States Senate. The public political questions before the country at that time were about the only questions discussed. There was greater interest displayed in the discussions of the "Senate" than in any other discussions in the college. The Crimean war, the attempt to force slavery into Kansas, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise were burning questions. Mutterings of the Civil War were also beginning to be heard distinctly in those days.

Then there were the Greek letter societies. I joined Alpha Omicron. We had debates and discussions of various kinds. Henry A. Butz, a sophomore from New Jersey, was a member of this society. He was not in very good health, and left Union to recuperate for a year or two, then entered Princeton College, completed his course and received his A. B. degree. He became a prominent member of the Newark Conference of the Methodist Church and has been for a good many years a professor and president of the Drew Theological Seminary. After I was graduated the Alpha Omicron was absorbed into another Greek letter society called the Delta Upsilon, of which society I know very little beyond the fact that all the former members of the A. O. are created members of it. Then there was the Theological Society, in which purely biblical and theological questions were discussed. This society was made up chiefly of young men who had the Christian ministry in view. I was at one time the president of this society and it was my duty to secure a preacher for the Sunday evening preceding the Commencement week of the college. I wrote to the celebrated Dr. Park, of Andover, to Bishop Simpson and to Dr. John McClintock of *The Methodist Review*, and all were obliged to decline. Finally I wrote to Dr. Cummings, the president of the recently founded Genesee Methodist College, who had been recommended as a very able preacher. He consented and was the first Metho-

dist minister ever called in this way to Union. I was somewhat disappointed. He gave a good sermon, but there was not much spirit in his delivery. Dr. Taylor Lewis pronounced the sermon excellent, which was a sufficient commendation. The chief idea of the sermon was "the certainty of the ultimate punishment of the persistent evil-doer."

Book canvassing in old Virginia.

My college vacations were spent at home on the farm, in the hay and harvest field recuperating my health and getting rid of indigestion. It seems to me I never slept more soundly and more refreshingly than in those vacation days at home. My fall vacation before my last winter term was spent in Virginia. My brother George and some other students, just before the term closed, had gone South to canvass for a popular map of the United States published by a New York house. George was succeeding, as he usually did in everything he undertook. I had no relish for the canvassing business, but I had a great desire to see something of the South and slavery, about which there was so much being said and written. I took the agency to canvass Frederick County, Virginia. Winchester was my headquarters. I did the best I could, but found canvassing no easy work. I did enough to pay all my traveling and other expenses, which was about all I could expect, and I had the advantage of a little wider view of the great world. I was not greatly enamored of the South; being a Northerner I was looked upon with suspicion, and I kept a pretty close mouth. I saw something of slavery — saw a company of negroes handcuffed, put on board a train and started for the distant Southern States. They had been bought at slave auctions in the neighborhood of Winchester. I attended several services in the colored church where the slaves worshiped; was much impressed

with their singing and their very lively and active way of conducting their worship, also the earnestness but doleful ignorance of their preachers. Some could not read at all and always misquoted their Bible texts.

I was very fortunate in finding in Winchester, at the head of what was called "The Valley Institute and Female Seminary," a Rev. Mr. York, a graduate of Union College, a member of a class two or three years before mine. He was very cordial and urged me to make the Seminary my home while I was in the town. This I was glad to do, for I felt a freedom there that I could not feel anywhere else. I met among the teachers of the "Valley Institute" a bright young woman, a Miss Kern, who in due time became the wife of my brother George. It came about in this way: While I was in college towards the close of the winter term of my last year, Mr. York wrote me that his principal teacher had left and asked me to take his place and finish the school year. But I preferred to remain in college. George said he was willing to go. I wrote recommending him and he was accepted, and, of course, gave excellent satisfaction. It was thus that he first met his future wife.

Trying a little preaching on the dog.

About this time I received a license as a "local preacher" of the Methodist Church. I was much urged to this step by the Rev. Mr. Chipp, the pastor of the Church in Charlottesville. I was examined and received my license in a Quarterly Conference held in Fergusonville during one of my college vacations. The Rev. Seymour VanDuzen, the Presiding Elder, signed my license. Professor Newman often urged me to go to a school house about two miles from Schenectady, where there was a Sunday-school, and speak. It was in the town of Niskayarra. One evening I walked out, ac-

accompanied by my cousin, Wellington. For the first time in my life I spoke to a congregation in the way of giving an address. The school house was well filled. I had comparative freedom. I was invited to come again and did so occasionally while I remained in college. On one occasion I preached in the Methodist church in Schenectady, and once or twice in one or two of the missions in the city and in the colored church. Before the close of my last college year I was elected to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa society, nine others being elected out of a class of about one hundred. It was an honor highly prized, being conferred, as it is today, as a badge of scholarship. I hardly expected an election, as I had entered the class so late.

Graduation from Union College.

I had been invited to teach in Charlotteville, and taught in the Seminary there a good part of the spring term before I graduated. The graduating day came late in July — a very warm day. I was given to understand that I could have a place on the programme, but declined as I was absent so much of the term. After the close of the speaking we received our degrees at the hands of Dr. Nott, as he repeated the words, "*Perseverantia omnia vincit nec non gloria ducit.*" A hymn was then sung, composed by FitzHugh Ludlow, a member of our class, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." The same hymn and tune, I have been informed, have been used at every Commencement of Union College since that time. We had a farewell meeting of the class of '56 in the afternoon and sang together again the same hymn. We agreed to meet again in three years and after that every ten years; then separated, not without a good deal of tender feeling. I have attended only two meetings of the class of '56, one in 1866, when not more than a dozen of the class were present, the second

being the fiftieth anniversary, celebrated in 1906. There were only six of us back.

I did not go back to receive my second degree, A.M., which was conferred upon me two years after graduation. I found that I soon had so many more pressing duties and expenses that it seemed to me almost out of the question to attend my class reunions.

I was in college only four full terms and a part of the fifth just before graduation. I had permission to be absent to take the place opened to me as teacher in the New York Conference Seminary at Charlotteville. I paid my own expenses through college. I gave to my father \$100 that I saved in Stamford, and to his estate nearly \$200 that I saved in Fort Plain. All the expense of graduating and all the last term's bills I paid from my salary as a teacher in Charlotteville. I think my brother George met the greater part of his college expenses in much the same way. I presume our college expenses were about the average. The whole country was much poorer fifty years ago than it is today; far less money was in circulation. While my general ranking in my class was good, I must say that I was exceedingly deficient in English composition and literature. The lack of such training was a common defect in colleges in those days. I have greatly realized my deficiency all these years, and am glad that nowadays far more attention is being paid to this essential part of a liberal education.

In the spring of 1855 my eldest brother, Jacob, sold his beautiful farm near Oneonta — a farm which he was in a fair way to pay for — and moved to Keokuk, Iowa. The full wisdom of this step has never proved itself. The Oneonta farm had about seventy-five acres of valuable flat lands on the banks of the Susquehanna river, worth much then and far more now, with the growth of Oneonta to a small city. The chief inducement for

Jacob to go West was the fact that his wife's father, Amos Hinman, and her only surviving brother, Arthur, were out there. (My brother lived in the West until his death in 1911.) My sister Elizabeth soon followed him. She had been graduated from the Seminary and wished to teach, and did so until her marriage. In the spring of 1856 my mother decided to rent the farm and take for a home the house long occupied by my grandfather Lamont. The farm was leased to Simeon Lape and my sister Lucy. They kept it in good condition until it was sold to a Mr. Fox about ten years later. My two brothers, David and William, were carrying on the mercantile business in the store built by my father.

Teaching work at the Seminary.

Such was the situation of our family when, in May, 1856, I began my work as teacher in the Seminary. William L. Wood was the principal, having succeeded Mr. Flack about the year previous. He was a graduate of the Albany Normal College and had taken a post-graduate course at Yale. He made a very acceptable principal, kept excellent order and was much esteemed. He was about as unlike Dr. Flack as one could be. He was principal for a single term after I became a member of the faculty. He resigned and went into business in Keokuk, Iowa, and died near the end of the Civil War. In 1856 there were nearly three hundred students. During my first term I taught higher arithmetic, the higher algebra classes, advanced grammar and surveying, and an elementary Greek class. I worked hard, taught steadily about six hours daily, and took my turn in speaking to the students on Sunday afternoons in the chapel. A half a dozen young men at the end of the term left the Seminary to enter college. The most of them entered Wesleyan University. Among them was

Manly A. Ruland, who afterwards married my sister Jennie.

Politically it was a time of great excitement. Charles Sumner had been struck down in the Senate chamber; the cry of "Bleeding Kansas" was rousing all the North; the Republican party had just been organized and John C. Fremont was its nominee for the presidency. He was the first presidential candidate for whom I cast a vote. I have voted with the Republican party ever since on all national questions. At the close of my first term in Charlottesville I went with a large party of students and teachers on our way to Albany to visit Howe's Cave. It was well worth seeing at least once. We went into the cave five miles. From Albany I visited my brother George, who was taking charge of the Coxsackie Academy for a term or two. I spent a Sunday with him and preached in the Methodist church, little dreaming that twenty-five years later I should be pastor of it. George was much liked in Coxsackie but could not remain, as he wished to complete his college course.

John C. Ferguson, A. M., who had been a teacher in the Charlottesville Seminary since its opening, was elected principal to succeed Mr. Wood. He was a graduate of Union College, of the class of 1851; a good scholar and a superior teacher. Mrs. Ferguson was preceptress, as she had been for a year or two—a very intellectual, bright woman, well fitted for her position. Mr. Ferguson made a fair principal. He was of a somewhat hasty temper. Of the two, Mrs. Ferguson was much the stronger character. My department was changed and I took charge of all the Greek classes, history and the higher classes in grammar. Among the beginners in Greek whom I taught were Aaron Rittenhouse, afterwards a professor in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.; D. W. Gates, later a prominent member

of the Troy Methodist Conference, and Milton S. Terry, since quite distinguished as a linguist, a writer of commentaries on the Bible and of many other books, and for many years a professor in the Gerrit Biblical Institute near Chicago.

Another grandsire gathered to his fathers.

During the winter, in January, Grandfather Paine passed away. He was about seventy-five years old. He was an upright, kind-hearted man, exceedingly modest, a devout member of the Baptist Church, a good citizen. My mother always highly prized her father and keenly felt his loss. In February of 1857 my sister Elizabeth, who had gone west with my brother Jacob a year or two before, was married to the Rev. W. F. Cowles, a prominent member of the Iowa Conference. He was a widower and considerably older than my sister. My sister was a beautiful young woman, perhaps the most beautiful of any of my sisters, and very bright. It was no wonder that she had many admirers. She died a good many years ago, leaving two clever boys who have grown up to be successful men, one, Lamont Cowles, a lawyer, and the other, Gardner, a successful banker. I wish I had space to say more about this dear sister who died at the early age of thirty-six. She was worn out with the hardships of a Methodist itinerant's wife in the West in her day. During this winter of '57 I preached quite frequently for the pastors in the surrounding charges, Summit, Fergusonville and in Richmondville.

Just before the opening of the spring term in the latter part of April came one of the heaviest snows I have ever known in that snowy country; it would be called a great blizzard now. All the roads were blocked and in some places great drifts piled up. The stage did not get through from Albany for three or four days. I was asked to go to Albany to meet the students. I rode

a horse through deep snow to Summit in the afternoon, but could get no further that day. The sun was shining brightly and the reflection from the snow almost blinded me and burned my face. I stayed all night in Summit, rose very early in the morning and walked on the heavy crust formed during the night and on the top of the fences the greater part of the way to Richmondville, arriving there in time to take the morning stage for Albany. The snow was not so heavy east, and there was no great difficulty in returning, but my eyes did not get right for some time.

First attendance at a Methodist conference.

Early in May I attended my first session of the New York Conference, held in Newburgh, to which I had been recommended for membership. On my way I visited Chatham, N. Y., where my brother Austin was teaching school. The leaders at Conference were: Phineas Rice, an eccentric man; D. W. Clark and R. S. Foster, afterwards bishops; and M. D. C. Crawford, afterwards for several terms my Presiding Elder. Bishop Baker presided — a fine, noble-looking man, and an excellent presiding officer. I heard him preach on Sunday from St. Paul's charge to the elders of the Ephesian Church. The Rev. J. B. Beach, father of the Rev. J. W. Beach, afterwards the president of Wesleyan University, was my Presiding Elder. He presented my case, I was received as a probationer and appointed as teacher of Greek in the Seminary. I went to New York to purchase a few books for my Conference studies before returning to Charlotteville, being absent from my work for perhaps a week.

My first visit to the West.

At the close of the summer term of 1857 I visited the West. My cousin, W. L. Wood, had written me that a

professor was needed in North Western University, recently opened at Evanston, near Chicago; that he had recommended me for the place and that I could probably secure it. My brother Jacob was living in Keokuk, Iowa, and as I wished to visit him I decided to make the trip. So in September I took a train leaving Albany late in the evening. There was no sleeper connected with the train — I think they were not yet in use. We reached Niagara Falls the next afternoon. I stayed there the rest of the day to see the falls, and of course was amazed and delighted with the stupendous sight. Starting again in the evening we arrived opposite Detroit, Michigan, next morning, breakfasting on the boat as we crossed to the city. We traveled all day through the State of Michigan, through a rich farming country. The day was warm and the latter part of the way the dust covered and blackened us. We arrived in Chicago about dark. After a good bath I took supper at the Sherman House, at that time the chief hotel of the city.

I took a train in the evening and, traveling all night, arrived in Quincy, Ill., about one o'clock the next afternoon. The train moved slowly; the road seemed new and poor; we got off the track once, but without any damage to the passengers. At Quincy I was to take a steamboat for Keokuk, about forty miles up the Mississippi. I was told that the boat would arrive from St. Louis some time in the afternoon, but not very soon. I went to a hotel and took dinner in a leisurely way and, walking out after dinner, I saw a boat lying at the levee. On inquiry I found that it was the boat that I ought to take. I hurried and arrived just in time. For the rest of the day we were steaming up the river until quite late in the evening, for we made a great many landings for freight and passengers, wherever there was a sign of a town and sometimes where there was not any. Steamboats were the common means of traveling in the

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West at that time. There was constant gambling on the boat, for I saw the money that had been laid out change hands. Meals were furnished on western boats and were included in the fare.

Keokuk was in process of building; the streets were unpaved and poorly lighted. I managed to find my brother's boarding place at about eleven o'clock at night. He had already gone to bed. The next morning he told me he felt very poorly and he looked ill. In a few days he was prostrated with typhoid fever and I had little chance to visit with him. He was a very sick man for the greater part of the time I was in Keokuk. I preached twice in the Methodist church while I was in the place. My cousin, William L. Wood, and his wife were living in the town. While I was in Keokuk the great financial panic of 1857 began to sweep over the country. There were many failures and a general collapse in the value of real estate in most western towns like Keokuk. Many who considered themselves wealthy awoke to find themselves poor. My brother and W. L. Wood and my brother-in-law, W. F. Cowles, had serious losses in the panic of that year. I remained in Keokuk nearly three weeks. The mud there was like tar and after a rain it was not easy to get around without sticking fast.

It was a time of panic and as I stepped on a steamboat to go to Burlington and offered to pay my fare in eastern bank bills, the clerk in a rude way said that I must pay in specie. I told him I had none, and turned to go on shore again when the clerk called me back, saying: "I will take your bills." Arriving in Burlington I took a train for Mount Pleasant, forty miles away, where my sister, Mrs. Cowles, was living. A newly-built college, called the Iowa Wesleyan University, was located here. I visited it a few times — it was but a feeble affair, had a small faculty and few students.

It seemed hardly equal to many an academy in the East. The people in the West seemed to have unbounded faith in the future and gave these young institutions of learning ambitious names, believing that they would grow up to them. Dr. Thomas Elliott, an elderly Methodist preacher, a native of Ireland, was the president. It was a co-educational college. I spent a Sunday there and was invited to preach in the Methodist church. As I was sitting in the pulpit and about to rise I noticed a gray-haired, noble-looking man walk up the aisle and seat himself well to the front. After the service I found that it was Bishop Hamlin, a retired bishop of our Church. He had voluntarily resigned his office on account of ill health and was living in the place.

On my return from Mount Pleasant to Burlington to go East I was obliged to wait several hours. It was near election time and there was a good deal of excitement. I heard Grimes, governor of the State and later United States Senator for a term or two, arguing from the top of a dry goods box before a large crowd in the street. His theme was the outrage against Kansas in the effort to force slavery on an unwilling people.

Chicago before the War.

I again stopped in Chicago for a few hours. I have been there a few times since and the change is well nigh incredible. At that time it was a bustling little city of 30,000 souls. The streets were unpaved, full of mud or dust, the houses mainly built of wood. I noticed whole streets of buildings that were being lifted up together. They had been built too low for health and much below the proper grade. Chicago, even then, was a great railroad center. I went out to the North Western University and spent the greater part of the day there, the guest of Dr. Foster, the president. The

location of the college was very beautiful, on a bluff overlooking Lake Michigan. There were not many buildings — all of wood and the college was not more than two or three years old. The man who had founded it and was its first president was Dr. Clark T. Hinman, the brother of Mrs. Jacob P. Lamont. He is said to have been a very brilliant man and a magnetic preacher, but he died before he was forty years old and was president of the college but a year or two. Dr. Foster was his successor. The college was greatly embarrassed for want of funds and had only a few students. The times were very hard in the West and the future of the college not hopeful. It had some endowments of unproductive lands. Dr. Foster seemed much discouraged; I imagine that he regretted leaving the East; in fact in two or three years, as soon as he decently could do so, he resigned and came East and entered upon pastoral work in the New York Conference again. Little was said to me about an opening. I judged that there were not sufficient funds to pay the small faculty already employed and meet the current expenses, and had a definite offer been made I do not think it would have appealed to me.

During my absence west my brother David was married to Mary F. Rickey. I knew the marriage was to take place, but I had made my plans and could not remain for the wedding. It was a very happy marriage and they had a lovely family of children.

I was diligent in teaching and studying, preparing for the Conference which met in Jane Street, New York City, early in May, 1858, Bishop Ames presiding. He was a very fine man — a strong character. On Sunday morning he preached from the text, "Our gospel came not to you in word only but in power and in the Holy Ghost and much assurance." It seemed to me the best sermon I had ever heard. I preached quite

frequently during the summer, and in fact the whole year, in South Worcester, Fergusenville, Jefferson and other places around Charlotteville.

A long separation from Brother George.

My brother George, soon after his graduation from Union, had a call to return to the South again, to Winchester, where he had taught in the spring of 1856. My sister Jennie, who had prepared herself in music, went with him as music teacher. At the close of the school year of 1858 the latter part of June, my brother married Rebecca T. Kern, who had been one of the teachers in the Valley Seminary and of whom I have before spoken. Her home was in Romney, Virginia. My brother William went down for the wedding. After the wedding they all returned to Charlotteville, and George and his bride spent several weeks there. His wife was a superior woman in intellect, in reading, in scholarship and in general culture. Early in September George returned to Winchester with his wife and sister Jennie to resume his work of teaching. I felt sad at parting with him, as I had been perhaps more intimate with him than with any other of my brothers. There were but two years' difference in our ages; we had roomed together in college, and, though unlike in many ways we had never disagreed. He was exceedingly cheerful, active and energetic, having a natural aptitude for business and for pushing forward to success whatever he undertook. When he started away I little thought it would be nearly seven years before I should see him again. In a little more than two years the terrible Civil War began and he found himself shut up in the South and could not come North again until the close of the war, some time in June, 1865. Then he went to New York City and entered into business for himself, having a wife and three children to support. He had lost all he

had in the South and was obliged to begin almost without anything. But by dint of hard labor in a few years he acquired a fair competency and of late years has become what many would call wealthy. He is the most prosperous member of my father's family and as generous as he is prosperous. But this is all by way of parenthesis.

I had decided that I would leave the Seminary at the end of the winter term and take regular pastoral work in the Conference. I did not feel that my calling was to be a teacher. I had taught for three years and, on the whole, had had a pleasant time with agreeable associates. But I was far from being contented and I left with no thought of ever returning to teach in the Seminary. The Conference of 1859 was held in Kingston early in May. I drove with the Rev. Aaron Rogers, the pastor at Charlottesville, to the Conference. We started the week before and he seemed in no hurry to get there. He had been in the Conference for twenty-five years or more; had preached all through that region and had an extensive acquaintance. We were four or five days in getting to Kingston. Bishop Janes presided at this Conference. I passed in all my studies as a probationer and was recommended to membership in the Conference, and to receive deacon's orders. Bishop Janes preached an excellent sermon on Sunday morning from the words: "Whence we preach, warning every man and teaching every man that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus, etc." I was ordained deacon by Bishop Janes, in the Rondout Methodist church, of which thirty years later, I became pastor. In the afternoon Dr. Daniel Curry preached the ordination sermon. His theme was "Divine Providence." I was received into the Conference as a full member.

The session of the Conference was quite protracted; the slavery question was up for a long discussion. All

were agreed as to the evil of slavery, but just what the Church could do more than it had already done was the matter under discussion. Some wanted a rule passed absolutely prohibiting slavery and expelling every one who held slaves. The more conservative wanted the rule left as it was, saying: "Slavery is a great evil and we are as much as ever opposed to it, advising our people to keep from it and emancipate their slaves as fast as it is practicable." Dr. McClintock, a strong man, was a speaker on the conservative side; D. W. Clark, Dr. Crawford, B. M. Adams on the radical side. Of course we could settle nothing—only express our opinions. My recollection is that when the vote was taken the radicals were in the minority. Bishop Janes had recently returned from holding a Conference in Barham, Texas, where he had been threatened by a mob because of his being a Northerner, holding well-known views on the slavery question. He was requested to give some account of his experience.

My first pastorate at Fishkill.

The Rev. Matthew VanDusen, a former pastor on the old Charlotte Circuit, was a guest at the same home in which I was entertained, namely L. M. North's in Rondout. Mr. VanDusen had known my father well and seemed much interested in me on my father's account. William VanWyck of old Fishkill Village visited the Conference in the interests of the Methodist Church of which he was an official member. He was making inquiry for a young man for their Church, and Mr. Van Dusen mentioned my name to him. He was introduced and I understood that he asked that I should be appointed to the Fishkill Church. At any rate, when the appointments were announced I was read off for Fishkill. Fishkill was a very old Dutch village, about five miles back from Fishkill Landing on the Hudson. There

had been a church organization of the Dutch people for nearly two hundred years. There was an ancient brick church in the village, erected some time before the Revolutionary War. The older, wealthier and more influential families were all connected with that Church, as I found out a little later.

After returning to Charlotteville for a day or two I hastened to Fishkill as soon as I could get ready, which did not require much time. I was now to go from my dear mother and home to stay away, and I started with not a very light heart. I was to embark in a calling that I had long felt was to be my life work. I had only a small trunk for my clothing and a box of books. Mr. Lape kindly volunteered to take me to Canajoharie from which place I took the New York Central railroad to Albany. I arrived in Fishkill in due time towards the latter part of the week, was very cordially received by Mr. VanWyck, and was told that the arrangement was for me to board with him at the rate of about \$2.00 per week. I was twenty-six years old and it was with no little trepidation that I waited for the first Sunday. A "Quarterly Meeting" was held on Saturday at which the Rev. L. M. Vincent, my Presiding Elder, presided. Here it was voted that my salary was to be \$300 a year. It was thought at that time to be quite a generous salary for an unmarried Methodist preacher. Anyone can see that after paying my board, buying books, periodicals, and paying traveling expenses, I could not have a very large balance left. But it was as much as I could expect and I was content; in fact it was more than some Methodist ministers who had families to provide for were receiving at that time.

First sermon in my new pulpit.

Mr. Vincent preached in the morning and I was to preach in the evening. I have a vivid memory of my

feelings before delivering this first sermon in my first pastorate. I found the church well filled; my text was, "If any man will come after Me let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." Mr. Van Dusen, who was stationed at Johnsville, about four miles to the east, and who seemed to feel a deep interest in me, treating me as kindly as he would a son, was present that evening. After the sermon he spoke encouragingly to me, and doubtless I needed encouragement. Mr. Van Wyck, with whom I boarded, belonged to an old Dutchess County family—one of the oldest and best in the county. He was one who read and thought for himself, intelligent, was well educated for his day. He felt that he could not conscientiously subscribe to the Calvinistic creed in which he had been reared and so decided to cast in his lot with the Methodists. This was to him something of a sacrifice socially. He had not married until late in life, and when I came to board with him he was nearly sixty years old, with half a dozen small children. Mrs. VanWyck was much younger than her husband, an excellent woman whom I remember as always being very kind. I got along well with the children, having been accustomed to them all my life.

I was to preach twice on Sundays and lead a prayer-meeting in the middle of the week. There was also a Sunday-School before church which I generally attended. "Class meeting" was held on a week evening. I was obliged to study diligently to prepare two sermons a week. My library was limited, made up largely of the Methodist standard books of that time and what was needed in my regular Conference studies. I usually selected a text for my Sunday morning sermon by Tuesday morning and worked at it as faithfully as I could, getting it in some shape before night. On Wednesday I usually decided on my Sunday evening discourse, and I worked on them both all the rest of the week. Monday

was rest day, devoted to reading and sometimes to my Conference studies. The habit of beginning to prepare my sermons early in the week I have always followed despite many interruptions. After studying during the mornings and a part of the afternoons, I walked out and made pastoral calls, but rarely took a meal away from my boarding place.

The Methodists had a somewhat inferior social position in the place. Dr. Kipp had been the pastor of the influential Dutch Church for twenty-five years. He was pleasant and called on me, but always had a kind of patronizing manner. Our Church had for its congregation day laborers, the servant class, some clerks and mechanics and a few fairly well-to-do families. But there was little social life for me in the congregation. I did the best I could and had reason to believe that I was fairly acceptable to the congregation. The most that could be done was to hold our own and try to keep a vigorous Sunday-school. On the whole I was happy in my work — happier and more contented than I had been in teaching, for I believed I was in the line of duty, which is everything. George Esray, pastor in Glenham — a bright but poorly balanced young man, called on me quite often. He could preach well, but beyond that he seemed to fail. He withdrew from the Conference some years later and entered journalism. I visited my mother during the summer and spent nearly two weeks with her — a great privilege. I kept up the habit of visiting her, always once and more often two or three times a year, as long as she lived.

Popular preachers at Camp-meeting.

In August, with Mr. Van Dusen, I attended a district camp-meeting, held in Pawling, which I greatly enjoyed. The preachers that I most liked and that

most impressed me were Dr. Crawford, B. M. Adams, Dr. Miles and the Rev. S. D. Brown. The last preached an exceedingly strong sermon. His text was: "When the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." It seemed to make a profound impression on the large audience. I also attended for a day the Sing Sing camp-meeting, chiefly maintained by the New York City churches. In September I attended the dedication of the new Washington Street church in Poughkeepsie, at that time the finest Methodist church on the Hudson River. Dr. John McClintock and the Rev. George S. Hare were the principal preachers.

In the fall my brother William married Mary Rogers, the daughter of the Rev. Aaron Rogers, of whom I have before spoken. She was a well-educated Christian young woman. My brother had sold out his interest in the Charlottesville store and had gone into business for himself in Richmondville.

That autumn I was invited to return to Charlottesville to take charge of the Seminary as principal. My brother David had made himself financially responsible for the running of the Seminary. With extreme reluctance I consented, on my brother's account, to accept the position. A sufficient faculty was secured, made up of former students of Charlottesville who had graduated — one from Yale, G. W. Fisher; one from Union, Chester C. Thorn; one from Wesleyan, S. G. Gale, and a junior of Wesleyan, Enos Y. Landis. These were the principal men teachers, while my sister Jennie was preceptress, with two or three under her as teachers. I went to Charlottesville to be present at the opening of the winter term, about the first of November. There was a goodly number of students — nearly two hundred in all. We organized the classes and got every thing in fair running shape, then after an absence of

two weeks I returned to my charge in Fishkill. I went out twice at least during the term to look after matters at the Seminary, leaving Prof. Fisher in charge during my absence. But things did not go any too well and my brother kept continually writing to me to come out and take charge. So I decided that I would do so at the end of the Conference year.

The joys and sorrows of donation parties.

During the winter in Fishkill an old-fashioned donation was made for me at Mr. Van Wyck's which netted about \$50. I did not enjoy that way of raising money for a pastor and never have enjoyed it. There were some bickerings and jealousies connected with the donation, not on my account but owing to some old feuds existing before I became pastor of the Church. These were unpleasant. In the Conference held about the middle of April in St. Paul's, New York City, Bishop Scott presided. I was invited to be the pastor of the Charlotteville Church, with the understanding that I should act as principal of the Seminary, Rev. S. G. Gale to be my assistant in pastoral work. At this Conference there was a long debate on the slavery question, but nothing could settle that question except the war which was fast approaching. At this Conference I had my first opportunity of voting for delegates to the General Conference, which was to meet in Buffalo in May. The delegation consisted of about half and half conservatives and radicals, fairly representing the sentiment of the Conference as to the change of the rule in the Discipline.

Aside from my duties as principal of the Seminary, there were three preaching places in the parish—in the church on Sunday morning; at two p. m. at the Dugway school house, two and one-half miles away, or at the school house on Briar Hill, about four miles away;

the Seminary in the later afternoon. This afternoon service was in charge of some one of the teachers in my absence. I frequently sent Mr. Gale out to the afternoon appointments and remained myself to take charge at the Seminary. Then there was a general prayer service in the chapel in the evening which was voluntary. This I almost always attended after my return, having already preached twice. Thus I found myself kept exceedingly busy between the Seminary and the care of the Church.

About May first my brother-in-law, W. F. Cowles, who had been elected a delegate to the General Conference at Buffalo, came on with my sister Elizabeth to visit us. This was her first visit since her marriage in February, 1857. My sister brought her little boy about six months old. I may say, in passing, that I never felt more burdened than I did all the spring and summer while I had this two-fold charge of both Church and Seminary. "Who is sufficient for these things?" was a question that was frequently in my heart. The measles broke out in the Seminary and made some little trouble. It did not spread generally through the school, but was the cause to me of no little anxiety. My brother David and Mr. Lape were exceedingly kind to me, giving me the use of their horses in going to my distant appointments on Sunday and at other times as I needed. The Seminary was a constant burden, night and day, which could not be thrown off. There was a number of young men students with the ministry in view, and, strange to say, some of these made me more trouble than others. They seemed to think that, because of their character and professed future calling, they ought to be allowed greater privileges than were allowed others. The great trouble with some was an inordinate conceit.

A meeting with old Union College men.

During the summer I exchanged services one Sunday with the Rev. Mr. Rogers, preaching in Summit, Morseville and Westkill; with Mr. Morehouse, preaching in Davenport Center, West Davenport and East Davenport, three times on each occasion. In the summer I officiated at a Quarterly Conference held in South Worcester, preaching on Saturday afternoon and after the "love feast" on Sunday morning. Among those present that Sunday morning were Abraham Becker, a well-known lawyer in that region, and Judge W. W. Campbell of Cherry Valley, his guest. The Judge had been holding court in Delhi. After the service Mr. Morehouse and I were invited to dinner with them. When Judge Campbell learned that I was a graduate of Union, of which college he was an alumnus and trustee, he seemed much interested and we had a pleasant time together. In the summer I attended a district camp-meeting held in Bloomville, Delaware County, about twenty-four miles from Charlotteville, taking with me my sister Hannah. The Rev. Henry J. Fox, the principal of the Ashland Seminary, was present. We both were invited to preach. I preached in the morning from the text: "What is a man profited though he gain the whole world but lose his own soul?" Mr. Fox preached in the afternoon a very fine sermon. I heard afterwards that it was a "preaching race," as we were both heads of schools. I also attended a camp-meeting in Windham, Greene County, in September. I took with me my sister Jennie, but the weather was altogether too cool to enjoy a camp-meeting. During the vacation I attended the Schoharie County Sunday-school Convention, held in North Blenheim, an interesting occasion. I spent the greater part of the vacation going about the country visiting our patrons and students. These are trivial matters to record, but they will go to show that I was

exceedingly busy. My Presiding Elder at this time, the Rev. Paul R. Brown, told some one that "Mr. Lamont seemed to possess a large capacity for work and seemed to have accomplished a good deal."

The summer and fall of 1860 was a time of great political excitement in the country. Abraham Lincoln had received the Republican nomination for the presidency. The Democratic party was split into two factions, with two nominees — Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Breckinridge, thus making certain the election of Lincoln. I voted for Lincoln, as I had four years before voted for Fremont. The winter term passed without any more than the ordinary amount of care and trouble in the Seminary and Church. We had a goodly number of students and on the whole they were orderly. The Southern States were seceding from the Union, one after another. President Buchanan was showing great weakness and the members of his cabinet were resigning to join the Confederacy. Peace conferences were being held to try to compromise matters, without any success, and altogether the outlook for the country, the church and the school was not at all encouraging. Reports came of the failure of a plot to assassinate Lincoln in Baltimore on his way to be inaugurated as president. Then came the inauguration and things seemed to be drifting on for a few weeks, but not towards peace, no one knowing what would happen.

Breaking out of Civil War.

About the middle of April I was driving with my brother William, in his carriage, towards Albany, when we met Henry Smith of Cobleskill, a lawyer whom we knew. He halted us, telling us the news of the firing on Fort Sumter by the Confederates and the capture of the fort. The war had actually begun! In Albany

all was excitement. Loyal people were putting up their flags and the purpose to maintain the Union was unmistakable. Then followed immediately the call for 75,000 volunteers from President Lincoln — a call quickly responded to.

The Conference that spring was held in Poughkeepsie. The spirit of patriotism was at the boiling point. A patriotic meeting was held, addresses were made and resolutions passed pledging the Conference to sustain the Government in its efforts to put down the rebellion and preserve the Union. I speak of this to show the state of feeling among the ministry and in the churches. If there was any sympathy with the rebellion it was overawed — at least it dared not as yet show itself. At this Conference in the spring of 1861, I completed my course of Conference studies and was ordained an elder by Bishop Janes. I was also returned to Charlottesville for another year. The Rev. S. G. Gale had resigned his position in the faculty to take regular work in the Conference as a pastor and I was to have no assistant. I secured for his position in the faculty Manly A. Ruland, a recent graduate of the Wesleyan University, whom I had known in Fort Plain and whom I had instructed in Latin. He was a thorough teacher, a warm personal friend and a "local preacher," so he often aided me in the out-appointments, always showing greater willingness than had Mr. Gale in that respect. There was a very fair number of students — more than I had expected under the circumstances. Some of the students left the Seminary to enlist in the army and all were more or less in a fever of excitement. They were generally very patriotic and a company was formed which drilled regularly. The news was at least twelve hours old by the time it reached us, the stage from Albany arriving in the evening. I took a New York City daily paper. The first great battle of the

war was the disastrous fight of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. It was manifest that the war was to be no child's play. While the result of that fight was discouraging enough, I felt no doubt of the ultimate success of the Union armies.

My brother David decided during the summer that he would withdraw from all further care of the financial affairs of the Seminary at the close of the summer term. I would have left at the same time but I had been appointed to the Church for the year and was persuaded to remain until the end of the winter term. My brother sold his business in Charlotteville and moved to Albany, having formed a copartnership with a Mr. Hulbert in wholesale dry goods.

The winter term opened with a little falling off in the number of students, but with more students than we could expect, for the financial condition of the whole country was bad and business was largely at a stand still at that stage of the war. My sister Jennie had left Charlotteville and accepted the position of teacher in the family of a Judge Tarum in Slack, Mason County, Kentucky. She had taught only about a month when, in December, she was prostrated with typhoid fever. We were all exceedingly anxious. I finally decided about holiday time to go to Kentucky and see how she was. The weather was cold when I took the cars for the West by way of Buffalo to Cleveland and to Cincinnati, riding night and day. While passing through Ohio, in the night, we halted for some time. It was said that a bridge ahead was burning—it had been set on fire by the rebels; but it was a false rumor. There was a number of soldiers on the train on their way to war. We arrived in Cincinnati towards night the third day. I remember that we had great difficulty all the way in getting any fair opportunity to eat. The train was behind time and we would halt at a station

with the cry "ten minutes for refreshments." We would hurry out to get what we could and before we were half waited upon the cry would come "all aboard, the train is off!" Nothing was talked about on the cars all the way out but the war and the surrender of the Confederate agents, Mason and Slidell, who had just been taken from a British vessel; some approving and some disapproving their return to the British protection. On the whole it was extremely wise to surrender them. President Lincoln properly enough remarked concerning the matter: "One war at a time is enough!"

A trip to Kentucky in War time.

From Cincinnati I rode to Maysville and then took a stage seven miles to Slack. My sister was surprised and overjoyed to see me. I found her very weak, just recovering from the fever. She would not be strong enough to teach for some time and as she was very anxious to return home with me I waited about two weeks for her to regain the necessary strength. The family was very kind to me—they were genuine Southerners. The Judge, as he was called, was a conservative Union man, an old-fashioned Henry Clay Whig. He had a large plantation of fertile land and owned a number of slaves. The house was large and they always had a good many guests. I recall their table—they always had plenty of bacon and cabbage at every meal, hot bread, hominy, raised biscuits and corn bread, and they had plenty of poultry. The fare was good enough, but I suffered a great deal from indigestion. The Judge gave me a horse to ride about the country and I got from this some healthful exercise. One day the horse did not behave well. I drew on the reins to check him, he reared right up, I fell off on the hard frozen road and the horse fell on one of my legs, bruising it se-

verely. It was a year at least before all the soreness passed from the limb and ankle. There was a camp of Union soldiers not far off and a soldier ran to me, helping me up. I found later that a mistake had been made in putting on the wrong kind of a bridle.

The weather at this time was very cold and the house large and warmed only with a large open fire-place. Here we sat around the blazing fire which was tended by a small darkey; our faces would be warm, too warm, while our backs would be very cold. I always slept in a cold bed-room, as I presume did all the rest of the family. The one topic of conversation was the war, and while they heartily wished to see the rebellion suppressed they seemed greatly to dread the abolition of slavery. They had a good deal invested in that kind of property. Just as soon as my sister was strong enough to endure the journey we started for home. We took the boat at Maysville for Cincinnati. In the West they had no docks but "levees," as they were called. My sister was not strong enough to walk down to the boat, but was carried by a stout negro and also from the boat to the cars in Cincinnati. There were some sick soldiers on the cars and some going home on brief furloughs. I recall one poor fellow with a terrible cough, attended by his mother. I doubt whether he lived long, even if he reached home. The train did not make good time and the cars were close and crowded. I was fortunate in securing sleeping berths for my sister and myself, but neither of us could sleep much. What with the anxiety for my sister, the scant rest, the close, crowded cars and the irregular and poor food, I found myself well used up by the time we got to Buffalo. I was suffering from a sick headache and could hardly stand up for a time. Albany we reached after three days' travel. We were made most welcome at my brother David's home. My sister was not well enough to take the stage ride to

Charlotteville, but remained for several weeks in Albany. I returned home as soon as I could, having been absent nearly a month.

I recall nothing of much importance for the rest of the winter term, which closed the latter part of March, 1862. This close of the term ended my connection with the New York Conference Seminary. I was more than glad to be released. I had been the principal for two and a half years; they had been fairly prosperous years though those were just the times of great financial stringency. The attendance averaged as well and as high as in other schools of the same grade. I felt greatly relieved to have the responsibility for the Seminary pass into other hands.

Pious comment upon the death of an enemy.

The Conference for 1862 was held in April in Peekskill, Bishop Ames presiding. During the session the terrible two days' battle at Pittsburg Landing took place. A telegram was brought into the Conference telling of the battle and of the final result, including the death of one of the leading Confederate generals, Albert Sidney Johnston, at which Bishop Ames coolly remarked, "the will of the Lord be done!"

The hard times had resulted in a great shrinking up in the work in the Conference; in some cases two charges were united into one. I was beginning to learn some of the uncertainties of a Methodist Conference, for I found myself appointed to Ridgebury, a place of which I had never heard. In due time I arrived there and found an old decayed village which had once been fairly flourishing but had lost all of its prosperity because of its location, five miles away from the Erie railroad. It was five miles south of Middletown and about the same distance from New Hampton, both stations on the Erie. There were two churches — an old Presby-

terian and a Methodist, neither of them flourishing. I was expected to preach twice on Sunday to the same congregation and whenever I chose, during the week, in some of the neighboring school-houses. I kept up these school-house services for the greater part of the year. I found myself in an almost purely rural community, the greater part of the congregation being farmers, making butter or sending their milk to New York. I was expected to board with a farmer, a dairyman, Nathaniel W. Bailey. A little later it appeared that there had been some little jealousy as to where the pastor should board, two or three families seeking that doubtful honor. Mr. Bailey and his wife always treated me with great kindness. They were always up early in the morning; had their breakfast both in the summer and winter at six o'clock. During the butter-making season I would hear the rattling of their churning machine right under my window at about five o'clock in the morning. I did not mind the early breakfast in the summer, but in the winter we had to eat it by lamp light. Mrs. Bailey and her helper would be up and finished with the Monday washing before breakfast, but she really gained nothing by such strenuousness, for she was so tired that after dinner, which always came at twelve o'clock, she could do nothing in the afternoon but sleep in her chair as she tried to sew. They had two nice little boys, who seemed quite fond of me.

I am called a "black Republican."

The summer of 1862 was one of continual fighting in the Civil War. It has sometimes been called the "bloody summer." Those were days when ministers needed to be extremely careful in their pulpits as to allusions to any political questions. I made no secret of my sympathy with the national administration in its

efforts to crush the rebellion and save the Union, and I made it a habit publicly to pray for our rulers, our country and our armies. Some members did not like it. They said: "The Dominie is a rabid black Republican." I was accused of "preaching politics" when I had no thought of doing so. Once I was preaching about the slavery of sin, the thralldom of bad habits. I compared the man under their power to a slave, one not his own master. One man took his children from the Sunday-school and said he would not allow his children to attend a Sunday-school where the minister "preached politics" and "against slavery." Another time a prominent member of the Church arose and walked out of the church at some allusion I had made to the national events that were then happening. It was during this summer that General McClellan was driven back with great loss from before Richmond; that Lee invaded the North. It was the year of inflated paper currency and the suspension of specie payments; of General Burnside before Fredericksburg and the first emancipation proclamation. The general aspect of affairs was not bright; the Confederates having scored a good many successes.

In August I attended and preached at a district camp-meeting held away up the railroad in Sullivan County, at a place called Callicoon. My Presiding Elder in this new district, then called Monticello, was the Rev. D. L. Marks. He always treated me very kindly. From the camp-meeting I went on up the Erie road to a place called Equinunk, Pennsylvania, where my old assistant at Charlotteville, the Rev. S. G. Gale, was living, the pastor of the Church. His wife had been a student in the Seminary. We went out trout fishing in a little stream, but without success. A few weeks later, with a cousin, A. H. Lamont, I went to

Owego to spend a few days in visiting some of the Lamont family, chiefly the descendants of a great-uncle, Matthew Lamont.

A cross-country drive with Austin.

In August, according to a previous agreement, I visited my youngest brother, Austin, who was practicing medicine in Hyde Park, Dutchess County, N. Y. After having taken his degree as a graduate of the University of Michigan Medical School, he had begun practice there a year or two before. We took the long drive from Hyde Park to Charlottesville. The first afternoon we drove to a point on the Hudson River opposite Catskill. We arrived too late to get the last ferry and were obliged to sleep in a farm house where, before the night was over, we had the discomfort of finding that we were not the first arrivals. From Catskill we drove on over the turnpike and spent the night in Prattsville. We reached Charlottesville the next afternoon. We had found the roads rough and my brother's horse nothing extra as a traveler. While at home N. McGregor Steele, a former student in Charlottesville, but at that time a lieutenant in the Union army, arrived and I married him and my sister, Katharine. She was a bright, handsome girl, twenty-two years old. Mr. Steele was much older than she. It did not prove to be a happy marriage, but I will not speak of that matter now.

Austin and I drove over to Richmondville where he sold his horse and bought a much better one. Going back we struck south from Prattsville to Shandaken and so on to Kingston. We stayed in Lexington, Greene County, the first night. There we heard the sad news of the defeat of the Union army a second time at Bull Run, Virginia. We did not find it easy to get accom-

modations at the hotel. There was a large gathering of the State militia and some recruits for the Union army in the place, but we were finally accommodated.

In September M. A. Ruland, who had been my second assistant in the Charlotteville Seminary, married my sister Jennie.

Opportunities for reading and walking.

Ridgebury, while in many respects pleasant, was not and is not to-day a promising field religiously. There was too little harmony in the Church. I preached several times in Middletown for Thomas W. Chadwick, who held successful revival services there. It may be seen that Ridgebury was a rather lonely place for me. My boarding place was a mile and a half from the church and two miles from the post-office. I read considerably, including at that time Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and Hume's "History of England." These books had long been in my library but I had never had leisure to read them. Those were the days when there was no specie in circulation and sticky postage stamps were given to make change. A little later business men issued little fractional printed notes, called "shin plasters," by way of making change. Then the Government issued fractional currency of the denominations of 3, 5, 10, 25 and 50 cents. It was in Ridgebury, I remember, where there was an unhappy custom of inviting the dyspeptic pastor to a dinner party with a lot of the neighbors, where the chief dish was a roast pig. My salary was to be \$300, but the church was exceedingly slack in paying it. They resorted to church sociables, held in different neighborhoods, to try to raise the money. I was expected to be present at every one and I confess I did not greatly enjoy that method of making up the minister's salary. An old-fashioned "donation" was made for me in the

fall at Mr. Bailey's, but at the end of the year there was still a deficiency of more than \$50 on my salary, which of course was never paid. From the \$250 received I had to pay my board and all my other expenses. However, all the people were kind to me and I do not complain.

On April 9th, 1863, I married Caroline Deuel Jayne, at that time in Fergusonville with her aunt, Mrs. Jane F. Henry. I will not now speak of all she has been to me in my work for over fifty years; a peerless wife in all respects, given to me by a wise and loving Heavenly Father.

JAYNE AND FERGUSON FAMILIES

My wife, upon her father's side, is descended from pure English stock. The first of her name to come to this country was William Jayne, her great-great-great grandfather, who arrived here in 1678. This William Jayne was of an ancient Norman family. His earliest ancestor in England was Gardo (called also Guido) de Jeanne who, formerly a general in the French army, accompanied Henry of Anjou across the channel and was with him when, as Henry II, he was crowned king of England. As a reward for his bravery and military prowess de Jeanne had allotted to him the manor of Kirtland, still said to be the English seat of the de Jeannes. This was in 1154. It was this Gardo's grandson, Godfrey de Jeanne, who gained fame by his prowess in arms and successful pilgrimages to Jerusalem during the early crusades.

William Jayne's own father was Henry de Jeanne, a graduate of Oxford and afterwards a lecturer there on theology and divinity. He moved to Bristol and there on January 25, 1618, his son William was born, and, as the records show, was christened fifteen days later. According to the family tradition this William went to Oxford and while a student there, because of his dissent from the established church, was expelled from the University. This was in 1642. He became a Puritan preacher and at the time of the Civil War, a few years later, became one of Cromwell's chaplains. After the restoration and coronation of Charles II in 1661 this William de Jeanne, on account of the religious persecution to which he was subjected, changed his name to Jayne and after living for some years in Llewellyn in

Monmouthshire, where the name of Jayne is still common, emigrated to America in 1678. He was already a man long beyond middle life and was a widower, leaving sons behind him in England.

WILLIAM JAYNE COMES TO AMERICA

Not unnaturally he came direct to New Haven, Connecticut, where his father's brother, for whom he had been named, William de Jeanne, had years before, about 1634, settled with the New Haven colony, and where he had long been the town clerk. Here he met Annie Briggs who was afterwards to become his wife, and in 1682, after purchasing a tract of land in Brookhaven township, Suffolk County, Long Island, he came back and married her. He was then sixty-four years old and she only twenty-two. By her he had seven sons, the youngest, Stephen, being born in 1700, when his father was still a virile old man of 82. Practically all the Jaynes in America to-day trace their descent from some one of these seven sons.

William Jayne was now quite an old man, but the same Puritan, religious fervor that had attracted Oliver Cromwell and that later, under the gay Charles II, had drawn religious persecution down upon him, led him to become dominie of the little Presbyterian church at Setauket, Long Island. Here he busied himself in good works during an hale old age, and he did not die until March 24, 1714, when he was 96 years old. He was buried at Setauket and his old tombstone still bears this legible inscription:

Here lyes y body of
William Jayne
Born at Bristol Eng.
Jany 25th, 1618
Dec'd March y 24th, 1714

A FAMILY OF ANCIENT MARINERS

The old Puritan church records at Setauket supply many dates of the family record. The place where William Jayne first settled was still, at last accounts, in the hands of his descendants of the sixth generation and all the old records are remarkably complete. It appears that not a few members of the family engaged in sea-faring and in shipping. My wife tells me that in her childhood there was much talk of the old sea captains of previous generations of the family; and as recently (comparatively speaking) as the will of her grandfather, Peter Jayne, who died in 1813 (just a hundred years ago) there are bequests made of his "Sloop Teaser of Smithtown" and the "Sloop July Ann."

In the War of the Revolution the Jaynes furnished almost a company of soldiers for the Continental Army. This company was under the leadership of Captain Timothy Jayne, who was a great grandson of the original William Jayne. Captain Timothy's eldest brother was killed in the assault on Fort Washington, and in the battle of Long Island he had two other brothers, Isaac and Ebenezer, who were officers in the same company. Tradition is that there were fifty-eight members of the Jayne family in this company, but probably that is exaggeration. Many of them were captured by the British in a block house; the officers were exchanged and privates were sent to the prison hulks in New York Harbor. There is still in existence in the family the parole of Samuel Jayne of Brookhaven, given when he was released from the prison ship on September 1, 1778.

LINE OF DESCENT FROM WILLIAM JAYNE

The line of descent down from old William Jayne (who came over in 1678) to my wife is briefly as fol-

lows: his son, William Jayne IInd, was born on March 23, 1684, married Elizabeth Sterling in 1709 and died at Blooming Grove, Orange County, New York, on October 8, 1756. They had four sons of whom Joseph, my wife's great-grandfather, was born in January, 1730, and married Abigail Strong, four years his junior. He died on August 13, 1795, and was buried at Smithtown, L. I. He left an interesting will which was drawn up only the April before he died. In it one of the clauses reads as follows:

"Item — I give to my son Peter Jayne one hundred and fifty acres of land together with all the buildings orchards and all the privileges thereunto belonging on the South side of the farm where I now live to him and to his heirs and assigns forever."

This son Peter, my wife's grandfather, was born at Smithtown on November 5, 1779. There on February 7, 1803, he married Sarah Wheeler who was born on January 7, 1783. This Peter died still a young man, only thirty-three, leaving his widow with one daughter and three sons, the second son, Walter Peter, being my wife's father. The rather striking inscriptions on the tombstone of Peter Jayne and of his wife, who survived him by seventeen years, are to be seen in the burial ground at Smithtown and read as follows:

In Memory of
Peter Jayne
who departed this life
March 27th, 1813
Aged 33 years —
4 mos. and 22 days.

Saints in their graves lie down in peace
No more by sin or hell oppressed,

The wicked there from trouble cease
And there the weary are at rest.

In memory of
Sarah Jayne
who died Aug. 7, 1830
Aged 47 years and 1 mo.
Her dying testimony was

“Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there.”

“O death where is thy sting,
O grave where is thy victory?
Thanks be to God which giveth
us the victory through our Lord
Jesus Christ.”

This stone is erected by her
affectionate children.

Walter Peter Jayne, my wife's father, was born at Islip, L. I., on January 18, 1810, and died at his home in Williamsbridge, New York City, on January 27, 1894, at the ripe old age of eighty-four. He was a man of quick, keen mind and charming disposition. A brief account of some of his activities is set forth in one of the following paragraphs.

ABOUT THE FERGUSONS

On my wife's mother's side we have available no record of the family prior to the birth of the grandfather, James Ferguson, although search among the parish records at his birthplace in Ireland would un-

doubtedly disclose the general line of descent. The family appears, however, to have been of Scotch extraction and to have emigrated to Ireland for a generation or two before coming to America.

My wife's maternal grandfather, James Ferguson, was born October 16, 1767, in County Armagh, Ireland. He was reared in County Monahan, near the town of Castle Blany—parish of Mucknow. He sailed for America, April 21, 1794, in the ship *Alexander*,—a ship of four hundred (400) tons burden, four hundred and thirty-five passengers—commanded by Captain Coffin of Hudson, New York. On the same staunch little vessel was Jane Dunshee (born January 4, 1774). Soon after their arrival these two were married by the Reverend John Rodgers in the city of New York, where they continued to live for several years.

Some time previous to 1812 James Ferguson and his wife removed to the town of Kortright, Delaware County, New York. The farm which they bought lies southwest of the village of Hobart, then called Waterville. In the War of 1812 the two eldest Ferguson sons, both minors, entered the volunteer service as soldiers under Captain David Penfield.

My wife's uncle, the Rev. Sanford I. Ferguson, prepared a sketch of his own immediate family in the course of which occur the following pages in regard to his father and mother, who were Mrs. Lamont's grandfather and grandmother:

“My father and mother (James Ferguson and Jane Dunshee) were brought up in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and for a long time were communicants in the church at Kortright Centre, of which the Reverend William McAuly was the minister. Some time between 1812 and 1815 they both united with the Methodist Episcopal Church and remained faithful and enthusiastic members of it during the rest of their lives. They

continued to live at Kortright until about 1825, when, with all the members of the family still remaining at home, they removed to Walton in the same county of Delaware.

"About the year 1826 my mother's health failed. For three years she was a great sufferer, and March 29th, 1829, she passed in holy triumph to the 'rest which remaineth to the people of God.' Her mind's eye was unclouded to the last. She called all the members of the family then at home, one by one, and gave to each her dying blessing. She said to all;—'live in peace with each other.' Exhausted by her effort she closed her eyes for a few moments, and then, amidst the awful stillness of the house of death, turned her head and said—'Thomas, who is that singing?' My brother (Thomas) often said afterwards that he had no doubt that she heard strains of heavenly music.

"I was too young to appreciate my mother's very many excellencies; but from the testimony of others I regard her as an intelligent, devoted, Christian woman; firm, kind, affectionate and conscientious, possessing uncommon force of character."

SOMETHING OF THE CHILDREN

Mr. Ferguson in his memorandum continues to sketch in considerable detail the lives of the twelve children that resulted from this union of James Ferguson and Jane Dunshee. Of these twelve children, seven were boys and five were girls, and of the boys three were successful preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The best known of these was Samuel Dunshee Ferguson, who was born on February 3, 1798, and who died practically from over-work on December 30, 1855. His wife was Hannah Anne Jayne, sister of Walter Peter Jayne, Mrs. Lamont's father. Thus was created a double relationship, inasmuch as Mr. Jayne's wife, Mrs.

Lamont's mother, was Eleanor Ferguson, Samuel's younger sister.

Samuel became a preacher in 1821 and was pastor of many of the best known churches in New York City. In 1847 he established the Fergusonville Academy, at Fergusonville, N. Y., a school for both boys and girls, which sprang into an immediate success and which with varying fortunes kept its doors open for almost half a century. I think it well to quote briefly in regard to this noble man from his brother's memorandum, to which I have already alluded:

"Samuel D. Ferguson was an honored member of the New York and Troy annual conferences; four times he was elected a delegate to the General Conference; three times he was appointed Presiding Elder; four years he was Superintendent of the Leak and Watts Orphan House; and seven years he was president of the Fergusonville Academy. His stations in life, therefore, were varied, useful, and honorable. As a preacher he was universally admired; his style was colloquial; his voice, clear, full and rich; his elocution always natural. His sermons were often very searching and yet full of encouragement; they seemed especially fitted to help the weary and heavy-laden, to cheer the drooping and sorrowing and discouraged ones in their trouble. As a man his character was sympathetic and noble. He always showed a deep and dutiful reverence for his parents, and a sincere and practical interest in his brothers and sisters. His cares and countless sacrifices for them showed that his heart was a father's as well as a brother's. His life, throughout, was devoted to the well-being of others, and accordingly on the marble erected to his memory is inscribed (at his wife's request):

" ' Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past.' "

The Rev. Sanford I. Ferguson, who, as I say, wrote the sketch from which I have quoted, and which really ought to have full and permanent record, was himself a successful preacher of no mean ability. He was born on July 14, 1816 and died in 1892. He received a very fair education considering the times of his youth, at the Delaware and Plattsburgh Academies in New York State. He taught school for a time, was School Commissioner and was also Superintendent of Schools for Delaware County. In 1848 he joined his elder brother in Fergusonville in the successful management of the Fergusonville Academy. He did not enter the ministry until 1860, but he was immediately successful in that field of endeavor, and he wound up the active period of his life by being for several years Superintendent of the important Five Points Mission in New York City.

ELEANOR FERGUSON'S BUSY LIFE

In regard to Mrs. Lamont's mother, Eleanor Ferguson, I can hardly do better than quote freely from Sanford Ferguson's memorandum, which runs about as follows:

"Eleanor Ferguson was born in Kortright, New York, April 14, 1814. In 1829 when she was fifteen years old she spent nearly a year in the family of her brother, Samuel D. Ferguson who was then pastor of the Bedford Street Church in New York City. While there she was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the Summer of 1830 she taught the district school in the village of Deposit, Delaware County, New York. April 16, 1832, she was married to Walter P. Jayne of New York City. In the following year they moved out on the Walton farm which Mr. Jayne bought from Thomas Ferguson. After an unsuccessful year here, Mr. Jayne sold the farm to Samuel D. Ferguson, and returned to New York City. In 1838 the Mission-

ary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church chose Mr. Jayne, thoroughly trained in and familiar with the printing business, withal a good English scholar, to publish a paper for it in Liberia on the west coast of Africa. For three years Mr. Jayne, in company with the Rev. John Seyes, superintendent of the mission and with the Principal of the Monrovia Seminary conducted, at the village of Monrovia in Liberia, the small paper called *Africa's Luminary*. In 1840, after Mr. Jayne's return from Africa, the family moved to Medina, Ohio, where on April 15, 1842, the youngest child, Caroline Deuel [my wife], was born."

Mr. Jayne brought his family back to New York before long and the family, with little Caroline, traveled through New York State on the Erie Canal. The mother, Eleanor Ferguson Jayne, undertook altogether more than her rather frail constitution could bear, and in about 1850 her health broke down completely. Her brother Sanford says this about her:

"She was a great sufferer, but uncomplaining and patient. In her greatest sufferings she had a pleasant face and kind words for those who were around her. Her Christian life was even and cheerful. It was a trial of her faith to leave her children who were of an age greatly to need a mother's counsel and care. But her faith was bright and her heart cheerful to the end. She died October 14, 1851, in the thirty-eighth year of her age. She was buried at Fergusonville, New York. Eleanor was not so tall as her sisters, and was more slender. She was bright, quick to learn, naturally brave, highly versatile, and had the faculty of doing things easily and satisfactorily to others. She possessed in an eminent degree what is called 'winsomeness,' and was a great favorite wherever she went."

JOHN LAMONT *m.* Unknown

(Born and
died in
Ireland,
dates
unknown)

ROBERT LAMONT *m.* Maiden named Brown

(Born in 1726 ;

died July

26, 1789)

(Dates of birth and death
unknown—died at Fulton,
Schoharie County, N. Y., at
a ripe old age)

WILLIAM LAMONT *m.* MRS. PHOEBE PERKINS (born Gorse)

(Born, 1756 ;

died, 1852)

(Born, 1762 ;

died June 9, 1789)

WILLIAM LAMONT, JR. *m.* JANE STILWELL

(Born, 1784 ;

died Sept. 1, 1847)

(Born, 1785 ;

died Aug. 25, 1863)

THOMAS WILLIAM LAMONT *m.* ELIZABETH MARIA PAINE

(Born Aug. 3, 1803 ;

died June 3, 1853)

(Born, Mar. 4, 1811 ;

died Apr. 7, 1898)

THOMAS LAMONT *m.* CAROLINE DEUEL JAYNE

(Born, Oct.

6, 1832)

(Born Apr.

15, 1842)

WILLIAM JAYNE *m.* ANNIE BRIGGS

(Born Jan.
25, 1618;
died Mar.
24, 1714)

WILLIAM JAYNE, 2ND *m.* ELIZABETH STERLING

(Born Mar.
23, 1684;
died Oct.
8, 1756)

JOSEPH JAYNE *m.* ABIGAIL STRONG

(Born in
Jan., 1730;
died Aug.
13, 1795)

PETER JAYNE *m.* SARAH WHEELER

(Born Nov.
5, 1779;
died Mar.
27, 1813)

JAMES FERGUSON *m.* JANE DUNSHEE

(Born Oct.
16, 1767;
died July
15, 1845)

(Born Jan.
4, 1774;
died Mar.
29, 1829)

WILLIAM PETER JAYNE *m.* ELEANOR FERGUSON

(Born Jan. 18, 1810;
died Jan. 27, 1894)

(Born Apr. 14, 1814;
died Oct. 14, 1851)

CAROLINE DEUEL JAYNE

(Born April 15, 1842)

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